MISCELANEA.

Meditations.

Memoratiues.

By *Elizabeth Grymeſton.*

Non eſt rectum, quod a Deo non eſt directum.

Augmented with addition of other hir Meditations.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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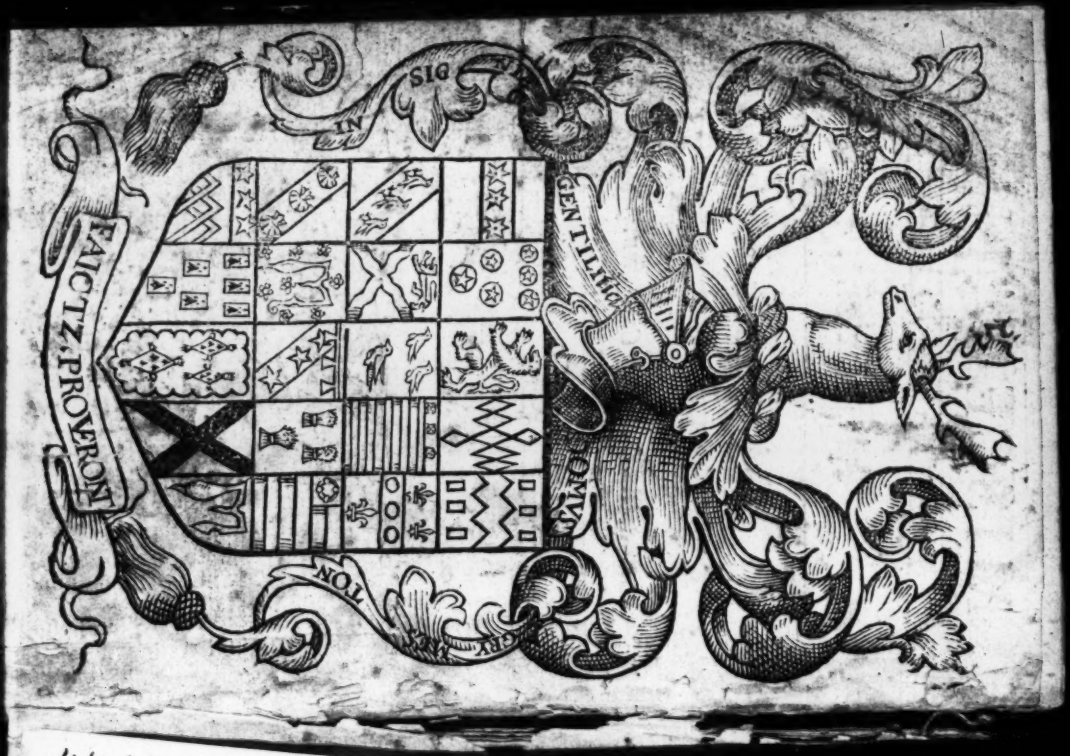

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GRYMESTEN. MISCELANEA / LONDON.

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To her louing ſonne Bernye Grymeſton.

MY deareſt ſonne, there is nothing ſo ſtrong as the force of loue; there is no loue ſo forcible as the loue of an affectionate mother to her naturall childe: there is no mother can eyther more affectionatly ſhew her nature, or more naturally manifeſt her affection, than in aduiſing her children out of her own experience, to eſchew euill, and encline them to doe that which is good. Out of theſe reſolutions, finding the liberty of this age to be ſuch, as that Quicquid libet licet, *ſo men keepe themſelues from crimenall offences; and my mothers vndeſerued wrath ſo virulent, as that I haue neither power to reſiſt it, nor patience to endure it, but muſt yeelde to this languiſhing conſumption to which it hath brought me: I reſolued to breake the barren ſoile of my fruiteleſſe braine, to dictate ſome thing for thy direction; the rather for that as I am now a dead woman among the liuing, ſo ſtand I*

doubtfull of thy fathers life; which albeit God hath preſerued from eight ſeuerall miniſter aſſaults, by which it hath beene ſought, yet for that I ſee that Quem ſæpè tranſit caſus, aliquando inuenit, *I leaue thee this portable* veni mecum *for thy Counſeller, in which thou maieſt ſee the true portrature of thy mothers minde, and finde ſomething eyther to reſolue thee in thy doubts, or comfort thee in thy diſtreſſe; hoping, that beeing my laſt ſpeeches, they will be better kept in the conſeruance of thy memory; which I deſire thou wilt make a regiſter of heauenly meditations.*

For albeit, if thou prooueſt learned (as my truſt is thou wilt, for that without learning man is but as an immortall beaſt) thou maiſt happylie thinke that if euery Philoſopher fetched his ſentence, theſe leaues would be left without lines; yet remember withall, that as it is the beſt coine that is of greateſt value in feweſt peeces, ſo is it not the worſt booke that hath moſt matter in leaſt words.

The graueſt wits, that moſt graue works ex-
The qualitie, not quantitie reſpect. (pect,

And the ſpiders webbe is neyther the better becauſe wouen out of his owne breſt, nor the bees hony the worſe for that gathered out of many flowers:

nei-

neither could I euer brooke to ſet downe that haltingly in my broken ſtile, which I found better expreſsed by a grauer author.

God ſend thee too, to be a wits Camelion,
That any authours colour can put on.

I haue prayed for thee, that thou mighteſt be fortunate in two houres of thy life time: In the houre of thy mariage, *and at the houre of thy* death. *Marrie in thine owne ranke, and ſeeke eſpecially in it thy* contentment *and* preferment: *let her neither be ſo beautifull, as that euery liking eye ſhall leuell at her; nor yet ſo browne, as to bring thee to a loathed bed. Deferre not thy marriage til thou commeſt to be ſaluted with a* God ſpeede you Sir, *as a man going out of the worlde after forty; neither yet to the time of* God keepe you Sir, *whileſt thou art in the beſt ſtrength after thirtie; but marrie in the time of* You are welcome Sir, *when thou art comming in to the world. For ſeldō ſhalt thou ſee a woman out of her own loue to pull a roſe that is ful blowen, deeming them alwaies ſweeteſt at the firſt opening of the budde. It was* Phœdra *hir confeſsion to* Hippolitus, *and it holdes for trueth with the moſt:* Theſei vultus amo illos priores quos tulit quondam iuuenis. *Let thy life be formall, that thy death may*

be fortunate: for he seldome dies well that liueth ill. To this purpose, as thou hast within thee Reason *as thy Counseller to perswade or disswade thee, and thy* Will *as an absolute Prince with a* Fiat vel Euitetur, *with a* Let it be done or neglected; *yet make thy conscience thy* Censor morum, *and chiefe commander in thy little world: let it call* Reason *to account whether she haue subiected her selfe against reason to sensuall appetites. Let thy* Will *bee censured, whether her desires haue beene chaste, or as a harlot she haue lusted after her owne delights. Let thy thoughts be examined. If they be good, they are of the spirit, (quench not the spirit) if bad, forbid them entrance, for once admitted, they straight waxe fortifie; & are expelled with more difficultie, than not admitted.*

Crush the serpent in the head,
Breake ill egges yer they be hatched.
Kill bad chickens in the tread,
Fledge they hardly can be catched.
In the rising stifle ill,
Lest it grow against thy will.

For euill thoughts are the Diuels *harbingers; he neuer resteth, but where they prouide his entertainement. These are those little ones whose braines thou must dashe out against the rocke of*

true

true iudgement: for

As a falſe Louer that thick ſnares hath laied,
T'intrap the honour of a faire yoong maid,
When ſhe (though little) liſtning eare affords
To his ſweet, courting, deepe affected words,
Feeles ſome aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
& ſooths himſelfe with hope to gain his game,
And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perſiſts,
That parleing citty neuer long reſiſts:
Euen ſo the ſerpent that doth counterfet
A guilefull call t'allure vs to his net,
Perceiuing vs his flattering gloze diſgeſt,
He proſecutes, and iocund doth not reſt,
Till he haue tri'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Vpon the breach of this new battered wall.

I could be content to dwell with thee in this argument: but I muſt confine my ſelfe to the limits of an epiſtle, Quæ non debet implere ſiniſtram manum. *To which rule I doe the more willingly ſubmit my ſelfe, for that the diſcourſes following are motiues to the ſame effect: which I pray thee vſe to peruſe, euen in that my affectionate loue, which diffuſed amongſt nine children which God did lend me, is now vnited in thee, whome God hath onely left for my comfort. And becauſe God hath indued thee with ſo violent*

lent a ſpirit, as that quicquid vis valdè vis? *therfore by ſo much the more it behoueth thee to deliberate what thou vndertakeſt: to which purpoſe my deſire is, that thou mighteſt bee ſeaſoned with the precepts in thy youth, that the practiſe of thy age may haue a taſt of them. And becauſe that it is incident to quicke ſpirits to commit raſh attemptes: as euer the loue of a mother may challenge the performaunce of her demaund of a dutyfull Childe; bee a bridle to thy ſelfe, to reſtraine thee from doing that which indeede thou mayeſt doe: that thou mayeſt the better forbeare that which in trueth thou oughteſt not to doe; for* haud citò progreditur ad maiora peccata, qui parua reformidat; *hee ſeldomeſt commits deadly ſinne, that makes a conſcience of a veniall ſcandall.*

Thou ſeeſt my loue hath carryed mee beyonde the liſt I reſolued on, and my aking head and trembling hand haue rather a will to offer, than abilitye to affoorde further diſcourſe. Wherefore with as many good wiſhes to thee, as good will can meaſure, I abruptlye ende, deſiring God to bleſſe thee with ſorrowe for thy ſinnes, thankfulneſſe for his benefittes, feare of his iudgementes, loue of his mercies, mindefulneſſe of

his

his presence; that lying in his feare, thou mayest die in his fauour, rest in his peace, rise in his power, remaine in his glorye for euer and euer.

Thine assured louing mother.

Elizabeth Grymeston.

En Ma Foy Ie Svfre Tovt.

SIMON GRAHAME
to the Authour.

GOe famous thou, with euer flying fame,
That mak'st thy flight on Vertues wings to sore,
In worlds of hearts goe labyrinth thy name,
That wonders selfe may wondrous thee adore.
Though th'authors selfe triumph in heauenly glore,
Thou sacred worke giu'st mortall life againe;
And so thy worth hath made her euermore
In heauen and earth for euer to remaine.
Hir pondrous speech, hir passion and hir paine,
Hir pleasing stile shall be admir'd ilke where.
The fruitfull flowing of hir loftie braine
Doth now bewray a mothers matchlesse care,
While she liues crown'd amongst the high diuines,
Thou on hir sonne celestiall sunne downe shines.

Tota vita dies vnus.

CHAP. I.

A ſhort line how to leuell your life.

WHen thou riſeſt, let thy thoughts aſcend, that grace may deſcend: and if thou canſt not weepe for thy ſinnes, then weepe, becauſe thou canſt not weepe.

Remember that Prayer is the wing wherewith thy ſoule flieth to heauen; and Meditation the eye wherewith we ſee God; and Repentance the *Superſedeas* that diſchargeth all bond of ſinne.

Let thy ſacrifice be an innocent heart: offer it daily at ſet houres, with that deuotion that well it may ſhewe, thou both knoweſt and acknowledgeſt his greatneſſe before whom thou art. So carrie thy ſelfe as woorthy of his preſence.

Where thou oweſt, pay duetie: where thou findeſt, returne curteſies: where thou art knowne, deſerue loue. Deſire the beſt: diſdaine none, but euill companie. Grieue, but be not angrie at diſcourteſies. Redreſſe, but reuenge no wrongs. Yet ſo remember pitie, as you forget not decencie.

Let

Let your attire bee ſuch, as may ſatiſfie a curious eye; and yet beare witneſſe of a ſober minde.

Arme your ſelfe with that modeſtie, that may ſilence that vntemperate tongue, and controule that vnchaſte eye, that ſhall aime at paſſion.

Be mindfull of things paſt; Carefull of things preſent; Prouident of things to come.

Goe as you would be met.

Sit as you would be found.

Speake as you would be heard: And when you goe to bed, read ouer the carriage of your ſelfe that day. Reforme that is amiſſe; and giue God thankes for that which is orderly: and ſo commit thy ſelfe to him that keepes thee.

Teach me O Lord to number my dayes, and to order my life after this thy direction.

CHAP. II.

A mortified mans melancholy expreſſed in the perſon of Heraclitus, *who alwayes wept.*

LEt him that laughes come weep with me: for that which mirth neglects, teares doe learne: It is the afflicted minde that is the touchſtone of faultes committed: and the guilt which ſecuritie ouerſeeth, a troubled minde dooth ſoone diſcouer.

A dole-

A dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong
Without vaine Art or curious complement?
And ſqualliđ fortune into baſeneſſe flung
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornament,

Be *ſorie* that thou canſt not *ſorrow*; thou that art begot in filthineſſe, nouriſhed in darkneſſe, brought foorth in panges of death; thou whoſe infancie is a dreame; whoſe youth a frenſie; whoſe manhood a combate; whoſe age a ſickneſſe, whoſe life miſerie; whoſe death horror.

Thinke, ô thinke, and bethinke thy ſelfe, from whence thou cameſt, where thou art, and whither thou goeſt, for thou art here in an obſcure land, gouerned by the prince of darkeneſſe, where vice is aduaunced, vertue ſcorned, where pleaſures are few, paines infinite: where want is miſerable, plenty full of perill: in a vale of teares, enuironed on all ſides with vnplacable aduerſaries: where if thou ſuddue luſt, couetouſneſſe aſſaults thee; if couetouſneſſe be vanquiſhed, ambition will ſecond her; if ambition be ſurpriſed, anger ſucceedes: in a worlde of miſchiefe, where enuye breaketh peace, iealouſie ſundreth friendſhip.

A wretched world, the den of wretchednesse.
Deform'd with filth and foule iniquitie,
A wretched world, the house of heauinesse,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miserie.
O wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues to sinne.

Thou haſt a ſilly, *poore*, yet *powerfull* ſoule, a ſoule of noble ſubſtance, of exceeding beautie, inſpired by God

God the Father; redeemed by God the Sonne; ſanctified by God the holy Ghoſt: this is the carefull charge committed to thy charge to keep hir. Where wilt thou finde ſecurity for hir,

Which did in former time Gods image beare?
And was at firſt, faire, good, and ſpotleſſe pure.
But ſince with ſinnes hir beauties blotted weare,
Doth of all ſights hir owne ſyght leaſt indure.

But now exiled from hir-ſelfe, and as a widowe depriued of hir eſpouſed fellowſhip, committed to thy ſafe conduct, where wilt thou ſecure hir? in heauen the *angels* fell in Gods preſence: in paradice *Adam* fell from a place of pleaſure; in the worlde *Iudas* fell in the ſchoole of Chirſt: and if thou ſuffereſt hir to fall, ſhe fals to eternall perdition, for the ſword of Gods iuſtice hangeth alwaies ouer our ſoules readie for our ſinnes to diuide vs from eternall bliſſe.

Since harueſt neuer failes, but euer muſt,
Be tortur'd with the racke of his owne frame:
For he that holds no faith, ſhall finde no truſt,
But ſowing wrong, is ſure to reape Gods blame.

Let the foote of him that ſits vpon the rainbowe be thy arke of ſecuritie in this deluge of miſeries; be not like the vncleane Crow, that can finde footing on euery carion, with little care to returne againe: but rather imitate the innocent Doue, that lothing abode without this arke, can finde no reſt; and with the wings of a longing deſire and penitent heart, flicker at the windowe of this arke, till thy heauenly *Noah* put out his mercifull hand to take thee in.

For

For when the ſoule findes here no true content,
And like Noahs *Doue can no ſure footing take:*
She doth returne from whence ſhe firſt was ſent,
And flies to him that firſt hir wings did make.

Let her not drinke of the flouds of the vanities of this life, but as the dogs doe of the riuer *Nilus*, that drinke running, leaſt while they ſtaye to take a full draught, they be ſtung with Scorpions: for ſhe liues in thy body no otherwiſe than as a lazar on his death bed, vncertaine of life, but in apparent danger of endleſſe death; within ſhe makes her ſolace full of ſadneſſe: hir hope full of hazard, and all her wayes ſtrowed with Coccatrice egges, faire without, and foule within, make her carefull of hir ſteps. Thou haſt the example of Chriſt: which way wilt thou goe? he is the Way: whither wilt thou goe? he is the Trueth: where wilt thou ſtay? he is the Life. If this Way lead thee thorow auſtere paſſages; if this Trueth teach thee true contrition: if this Life be not atchieued but with a dolefull pilgrimage; for where doeſt thou read that Chriſt laughed? then *Woe bee to you that laugh, for you ſhall mourne: and happy are you that lament, for you ſhall be comforted.*

CHAP. III.

A patheticall speech of the person of Dives in the torments of hell.

Death, howe sudden was thy arrest vnto mee? howe vnexpected? while my bodie was strong, while my intrales were full of fat; and my bones were watered with marrow; while I had rest in my substance, and peace in my riches, in one night my soule was taken from me, and all my ioy was turned into mourning.

Like as the sacred oxe that careleſſe ſtands,
With gilded hornes, and flowrie garlands crownd,
Proud of his dying honour and deare bands,
Whilſt theaters fume with frankincense around:
All ſuddenly with mortall blow aſtond,
Doth groueling fall, and with his ſteeming gore.
Diſtaine the pillars and the holy ground,
And the faire flowers that decked him afore,
So downe I fell on wordleſſe precious ſhore.

I saw my friends forsake mee in a moment: I felt how hard a thing it was to seuer two such old acquaintances as my soule and bodie: I wanted no view of the vanities wherein I had delighted. On the one side hung a regiſter of my sinnes committed, on the other side lay a catalogue of good deedes omitted: within me boiled my conscience confeſſing

sing and accusing mee: Before me stood the iudgements of God denounced against sinne so mustered in ranke, as I might wel perceiue my dangers were certaine, and destruction imminent. In this extasie while I desired but one houres delay, I was caried with a motion *Torrenti simili*, as swift as the torrent before the tribunall seat of God.

Vnder whose feet, subiected to his grace.
Sat Nature, Fortune, Motion, Tyme and Place.

To this tribunall seate attended mee my euill works, where Christ shewing himselfe, had laid open vnto mee the benefits hee had bestowed vpon me, the rewards he promised me, the torments hee suffred for mee; all which the diuell confessing, concluded mee to be his; for that though hee neuer loued mee, yet I serued him, though he neuer gratified me, yet I obeied him, without wooing hee wan mee, performing what hee suggested, embracing what he preferred, affecting euerie thing hee cast in my way, all which my conscience acknowledging, censured mee to this bottomlesse depth, to this profound lake, to this sinke of the world, whither all the afflictions and vnpleasant thinges in the world draine and vnite themselues to take reuenge of sinne.

A deadly gulfe where nought but rubbish growes,
Which vp in th'aire such stinking vapour throwes,
That ouer there may flie no bird but dies,
Chok't with the pestilent sauours that arise.

To this Chaos of confusion, to this Well of perdition wherein I am coarcted, to this burning

ning lake of fire and brimſtone wherein I lye burning, but not conſuming, lamenting, but not pitied; where I vomit out the riches which I deuoured; in paine without eaſe; in torture without intermiſſion; where my laſciuious eyes are afflicted with moſt vgly and feareſull ſights of grieſely diuels; my eares that once were delicate, are laden now with the hideous noiſe of damned ſpirites; my noſe that once was daintie, is cloyed with the ſtinke of vnſupportable filth; my taſte that ſometimes was curious, and ſurfeited with plentie, is now tormented with want; my imagination is vexed with apprehenſion of paines preſent; my memory grieued with the loſſe of pleaſures paſt; my vnderſtanding affected with the conſideration of felicitie loſt, and miſerie found. Thus comparing ſenſes Pleaſure with incumbent ioye, I finde my ioyes abortiue, periſht ere they bud, my paines euerlaſting, during beyond eternitie.

Your fond preferments are but childrens toyes.
And as a ſhadow all your pleaſures paſſe.
As yeeres increaſe, ſo waning are your ioyes.
Your bleſſe is brittle, like a broken glaſſe,
Or as a tale of that which neuer was.

Wherefore as one paſt cure, deiected beyond hope of redemption into endleſſe perdition, rather condoling my misfortune, than expoſtulating my miſhap whereof my ſelfe was author, I call to you, the glory of your age, the meate of time, who proud in your errours, tread the path of wordly pleaſures, wherein I was impathed: *Fruſtra, & fruſtra hæc alio properanti.*

What

What in this life we haue or can desire,
Hath time of growth, and moment of retire.
So feeble is mans state as sure it will not stand,
Till it disordered be from earthly band.

It was a condition annexed to our Creation: *Intrasti vt exires*, thou wert borne to die. Nothing more sure than thy dissolution: no time more vncertaine than thy time of separation. Be alwayes readie to preuent that enemie, that is alwayes in readinesse to take aduantage, *Qui non vult in vita præuidere mortem, non potest in morte videre vitam.* Who while he liues will not preuent eternall death, shall neuer after death inherit eternall life.

Let euery one doe all the good he can:
For neuer commeth ill of doing well.
Though iust reward it wants here now and than,
Yet shame and euill death it doth expell.
Miser chi mal oprando, si confida,
Ch'ogn' hor star debba in maleficio occulto:
Che quand'ogn'altro taccia intorne grida,
L'aria la terra e'l luggo in ch' è sepolto.
Edio sa spesso ch'il peccato grida
Il peccator, poi ch'alcun di gli ha indulto,
Che se medesimo, seuza altrui rechiesta,
Inauedutamente manifesta.
Wretched is he that thinks by doing ill,
His euill deeds long to conceale and hide:
For though the voice and tongues of men be still,
By fowles and beasts his sinne shalbe descride.
And God oft worketh by his secret will,
That sinne it selfe the synner so doth guide,

That of his owne accord, without requeſt,
Hee makes his wicked doings manifeſt.
Shame followes ſinne neuer ſo cloſely done:
Shame alwayes ends, what wickedneſſe begun.

Hoc eſt momentum temporis vnde pendet æternitas. The cariage of thy ſelfe in this life, is the beame whereof thy welfare for euer dependeth. Deferre not thy amendment:

God is beſt when ſooneſt wrought,
Lingring thoughts do come to nought.
O ſuffer not delay to ſteale the treaſure of that day,
VVhoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

Turpe eſt eo ſtatu viuere, in quo non ſtatuas mori. In vaine thou liueſt in that eſtate of life, in which thou meaneſt not to die. Make, ô make your ſaluation ſure vnto you by good workes. Encline your heart to doe good: for the rewarde thereof is infinite: for hee is comming and commeth quickly, and brings his reward with him, to diſtribute to euerie one as he hath deſerued, euen according to his works.

Omiſſion and commiſſion brought my confuſion.

Cautior exemplo tuo, Let my example prouoke you to deteſt that wherein I tooke delight, leſt you alſo come hither to bee tormented not onely with oppreſſion of eternall puniſhment, but with omiſſion of euerlaſting ioyes, which I admire now, *carendo non fruendo:* which if I might redeeme by ſuffering all the torments that either tirants haue inuented, or martyrs ſuffered; if with my tongue I might licke out the print of my feete out of the way of ſinners; if with teares of blood and water I might

purge

purge my vncleaneſſe to worke my redemption: *Ecce Domine paratum ægrum haberes in omnem medicinam.* Beholde, O Lorde, thou ſhouldſt haue a patient fit for any cure. I would wring my drained eyes, *vt facilè ſentires paratum ad omne ſupplicium ipſum habitum orantis Chriſtiani.* But ſince my glaſſe is run, and my ſun ſet; ſince death hath ouerſhadowed me, and that there is no pleding after ſentence, ſince that *ſero ducti ſuſpiria, qui non exoctat remedium:* ſince my affecting what I ſhould haue deſired, is turned into a feeling of that I loſt; *quia exinferno nulla redemptio, quia pœnarum nullus finis, ſuppliciorum nulla defectio;* becauſe there is no end for my hell, nor ſatisfaction for my puniſhment: Therfore to you I cal, to you that careleſſe liue, that feele not with what ſenſe I ſpeake. Conſider, whence you came, where you are, & whither you go. You are parts of that God that created all things for you, & you for himſelf. You liue on the ſtage of the earth, *Vbi ſpectaculum factiestis Deo Angelis, & hominibus,* where you are in the view of God, angels & mē. And you are going, ô looke to your going, *Non eſt vita momētum ſine motu ad mortem.* There is no mouing of lif without a motiō to death. You go & are always going to make your appearance before the tribunal ſeat of God, where euery mā ſhal receiue according to his works. *Qualis vita, finis ita: vt ceciderisita eris,* As you fall, ſo he findes you: as hee findes you, ſo hee cenſures you: and as hee cenſures you, ſo he leaues you for euer & euer. Wherefore, *quia arbor ad eam partem moriens cadit, ad quam partem viuens ramos extenderat,* becauſe as a tree falles, that way it

ſwayes while it is in growing: if you deſire to fall right, learne while you are in your growth, to ſway the right way. Iudge your ſelues, that you bee not iudged, *Vt ſementum feceris, ita metes*: What you ſow that you reape, either a crowne of glory, *quam nemo ſcit niſi qui accepit*, or a chaos of confuſion, *in qua ſempeternus horror habitat*, whoſe worth cannot be expreſſed, but of him that enioyes it, or a maſſe of confuſion in which eternall horror doth inhabit.

CHAP IIII.

Who liues moſt honeſtly, will die moſt willingly.

SWeete (ſaith *Chryſoſtome*) is the end of the labourers: willingly doth the traueller queſtiō about his Inne: often caſteth the hireling whē his yeres wil come out: the woman great with childe will often muſe of her deliuerie: and he that knowes his life is but away to death, will ſit vpon the threſhold with the poore priſoner, expecting to haue the doore open to be let out of ſo loathſome a priſon, looking for death without feare, deſiring it without delight, and accepting it with deuotion.

For what's the life of man, but euen a tragedy,
Full of ſad ſighes, and ſore cataſtrophes?

First

First comming to the world with weeping eye.
Where all his dayes like dolorous trophes,
Are heapt with ſpoiles of fortune and of feare.

For it is onely death that vnlooſeth the chaines, and ſets vs free from our domeſticall enemy. It is onely he, that waſtes vs forward in this ſea of calamities, the danger whereof is ſhewen by the multitude of thoſe that periſh by the gunſhot of the diuelles aſſaults, and by the rareneſſe of thoſe that eſcape ſhipwracke.

Our frailties dome, is written in the flowers,
Which floriſheth now, but fade yet many houres.
By deaths permiſſion th'aged linger heere,
Straight after death, is due the fatall beere.

It is onely death that brings vs into harbour, where our repoſe is without trouble, our comfort without croſſes, where our teares ſhalbe turned into triumph, our ſadneſſe into ioy, and all our miſeries into perfit felicity.

Death is the ſalue that ceaſeth all annoy.
Death is the port by which we paſſe to ioy.

It is for brutes to feare death, whoſe end of life is concluſion of their being. It is for Epicures to feare death, whoſe death is the beginning of their damnation. It is for ſuch as trafficke vanities, to looke to gaine griefe; for ſuch as haue ſowen ſinne, to looke to reape miſery; for thoſe of a deſperate life, to looke for a damnable diſeaſe: but the good man that did ſowe in teares, by death ſhall reape in ioy; for his iudge is he who knowes our weakeneſſe, and will acknowledge our infirmities: his accuſers are made dumbe

dumbe by former repentance; his conſcience is cleared by former confeſſion; hope is his ſtaffe, to keepe him frō ſliding; grace is his guide, to keepe him from erring; faith his aſſurance, to ſtrengthen his reſolution: and what doth he loſe, but fraile and tickle life, a vapour that ſoone vaniſheth, a drie leafe carried with euery winde, a ſleepe fed with imaginarie dreames, a tragedy of tranſitorie things and diſguiſed perſons, that paſſe away like a poſte in the night, like a ſhip in the ſea, like a bird in the aire, whoſe tract the ayre cloſeth?

Life is a bubble blowne vp with a breath,
VVhoſe wit is weakneſſe, and whoſe wage is death,
VVhoſe way is wildneſſe, and whoſe inne is penance,
Stooping to crooked age the hoſt of grieuance.

Who can ſit in his ſtudie and looke on his houre-glaſſe, and ſay not to himſelfe, *Vt hora, ſic fugit vita?* that thy life is ſpent with the houre? Who can walke in the Sunne, and looke on his ſhadow, and not ſay with *Pindarus*, σκιας ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος, *Vmbra ſomnium homo*, Man is but the dreame of a ſhadowe? Or who can ſee the ſmoake diſperſed in the aire, and not ſay with the Poet, *Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo*? Canſt thou feele the winde beat on thy face, and canſt thou forget that thou holdeſt thy tenement by a puffe of winde? canſt thou ſit by the riuer ſide, and not remember that as the riuer runneth, and doth not returne, ſo is the life of man? Canſt thou ſhoot in the fields, and not call to minde that as the arrow flieth in the aire, ſo ſwiftlye doe thy dayes paſſe? Or canſt thou walke in the fields, and ſee how ſome graſſe

graſſe is comming, ſome newly withered, and ſome already come, and doeſt not remember that all fleſh is graſſe? *Miſer homo, cur te ad mortem non diſponis, cùm ſis pro certo moriturus?* Miſerable man, why doeſt thou not diſpoſe thy ſelfe to death, ſince thou art ſure thou canſt not liue? *Noſtrum viuere, è vita tranſire*: our beſt life is to die well: for liuing here we enioy nothing: things paſt are dead and gone: things preſent are alwayes ending; things future alwayes beginning: while we liue we die; and we leaue dying, when we leaue liuing. Our life was a ſmoake, and is vaniſhed; was a ſhadow and is paſſed; was a bubble, and is diſſolued. The poore mans life is led in want, and therefore miſerable. The rich mans ioy is but vanity: for he is poore in his riches, abiect in his honours, diſcontented in his delights. This made *Hilarion* ſay, *Egredere: quid times, anima? octoginta annos ſeruiſti domino*: Thou haſt ſerued thy God foureſcore yeeres, and therefore feare not now to goe take thy wages. And *Ambroſe*, *Non mori timeo, quia bonum habeo dominum*, Who feared not to die, knowing that he that came hither to buy vs an inheritance, is gone before vs to prepare it for vs.

O who would liue, ſo many deaths to trie,
Where will doth wiſh that wiſedome doth reproue,
Where nature craues that grace muſt needs denie,
Where ſence doth like, that reaſon cannot loue,
Where beſt in ſhew in finall proofe is worſt,
Where pleaſures vpſhot is to die accurſt?

Quid

Quides; vides. Quid futurus sis; Cogita.

CHAP V.

Speculum vitæ.

A sinners glasse.

WHat is the life of man but a continuall battell, and defiance with God? what haue our eyes and eares beene, but open gates to send in loades of sinne into our minde? What haue our powers and senses beene, but tynder to take, and fewell to feede the flame of concupiscence? What hath thy body beene but a stewes of an adultéresse, but a forge of Sathan, where the fire of our affections kindled with wicked suggestions, haue enflamed the passions of our heart, and made it the anuile to turne vs to most vgly shapes of deformed sensualitie? What hath our soule, which is the receipt of the blessed Trinitie, betrothed to Christ in Baptisme, beautified with grace, ordeined with the fellowship of angels to eternal blesse, what hath it beene, but a most vile broker, presenting to thy will allurements of sinne? what hath our will beene, but a common harlot lusting after euery delight, wherin she tooke liking? what is our memorie, but

but a regiſter of moſt deteſtable and abhominable facts committed by vs? what hath our reaſon beene, but a captiued vagabond, ſubdued by euerie paſsion?

The ſinne that conquers grace by wicked vre,
So ſoyles our ſoules as they can haue no caue.

So that by this *metamorphoſis* wee are become more odious to God then the diuell himſelfe: for the diuell by creation was more beautifull then we: it was ſinne that deformed him, and that ſinne that made him odious, makes vs deteſtable: for our ſinnes are woorſe then his, and wee not ſo good as he: for his ſinne was one, and ours are infinite: hee ſinned before the ſtipend of ſinne was knowne, ours after notice and experience of it: hee ſinned created in innocencie, we ſinne reſtored vnto it: he perſiſted in malice being of God reiected, we continue in hatred againſt him that recalled vs: his heart was hardned againſt him that puniſht him, ours obdurate againſt him that allureth vs. So that our caſe is nowe ſuch as infinite goodneſſe deteſteth, and infinite loue cannot condole. The earth was created for a place of pleaſure, the aire was created temperate, creatures were made to bee obedient to man, all things framed to his beſt content: but ſee how ſinne hath transformed pleaſure into plagues, famine and murders many in number, grieuous in qualitie, and ordinarie in experience, which indeed are but *Initia doloris*, for the damned ſuffer death without death, decaie without decay, enuie without enuie, for their death euer liueth: their end euer beginneth, and

their

their decay neuer ceaſeth, but are alwayes healed to bee new wounded, dying but neuer dead, repaired onely to bee a new decayed.

CHAP. VI.

The Vnion of Mercie and Iuſtice.

THere be two feete wheron God walketh on the hearts of men; *Mercie* and *Trueth*, which a ſinner muſt fall downe with *Marie* and, that in reſpect of Gods Iuſtice wee may retaine feare, and in regarde of his Mercie conceiue hope: for all the wayes of God are Mercie and Trueth; Mercie, that wee may not deſpiare, and Trueth, that wee may not preſume.

O who ſhall ſhew the countenance and geſture,
Of Mercie and Iuſtice, which faire ſacred ſyſters
With equall poize doe euer ballance euen,
Th'vnchanging proiects of the king of heauen?
Th'one ſterne of looke, th'other milde aſpecting;
Th'one pleaſd with teares, th'other blood affecting.
Th'one beares the ſword of vengeance vnrelenting.
Th'other brings pardon for the true repenting.

Be-

Becauſe God is merciſull, wilt thou builde a neſt of ſinne, as the Pſalmiſt ſaith, vpon his backe? thou canſt no ſeuer his Mercie from his Iuſtice, and then Iuſtice will ſentence, *Tarditatem pœnæ, grauitate ſupplicij*. Is God a iuſt God, a terrible God, into whoſe handes it is a horrible thing to fall? Thou canſt not ſeperate his Iuſtice from his Mercie: ſhee will proclaime *Miſericordiam Dei ſuper omnia opera ſua*, his mercie exalteth her ſelfe aboue his iudgementes, *Vult enim omnes homines ſaluos fieri*. Hee that can that hee will, will not the death of one ſinner, but that hee may turne from his wickedneſſe and liue for euer: hee offereth his mercie to all, but neuer vſeth his iuſtice but vppon neceſſity. I will ſing vnto thee, O Lorde, mercie and trueth together, not mercie alone, as not fearing thy iudgementes, nor truth alone, as diſpairing in thy mercies: but thy mercies ſhall breed a loue, and thy iudgements ſhall make mee feare to impath my ſelfe in the waye of ſinners.

For hope of helpe ſtill comfort giues,
While Mercie ſtill with Iuſtice liues.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Iugum meum ſuaue.

IT is well obſerued by one, That the rodde of the roote of *Ieſſe* flowred, that the ſweeteneſſe of the flower might mittigate the ſeuerity of the rodde. The diuell is neuer ſuffered to puniſh vs farther then is for our benefit: for either he corrects vs for our former offences, or elſe to preuent our future infirmities. Neither is euery one that ſpareth, a friend, nor euery one that ſtriketh an enimy: but the wordes of a friend are better then the flatterings of a foe, and he that loues with auſterity, is better then he that kilies with delicacie. It is the diuels common courſe to kill our ſoule, while he flatters our fancie. For as the theeſe that cannot by open violence catch his booty, ſeeketh by ſhrowding himſelfe in valleies and buſhes to take the trauellers vnprouided: ſo the diuell, when by open purſuit he cannot preuaile, he coutcheth himſelfe in briers and ſhadowes of worldly vanities, entraping vs before wee preuent his traines. For albeit with a ſmooth flight and euen wing he leſſen himſelfe into the clouds, as an eagle delighted to view the Sunne: yet is he but a rauening kite, ſoaring in the aire, the bet-

ter to ſee how to ſeaze vpō his pray. God borroweth not the Syrens voice, when he woulde ſting with a Scorpions taile, and when he bites with the tooth of a lion, he vſeth not the teares of a crocodil, but as the husbandman lops his vine leaſt the iuice ſhould bee ſpent in leaues: ſo leaſt our mindes ſhould be imploied in vaine and ſuperfluous pleaſures; our wits which without profit would be diffuſed, are by him kept in compaſſe by tribulation. For where he purpoſeth to heale, hee ſpareth not to launce; and if hee ſee thou be foſtered by the world thy naturall nurſe, he can annoint hir teate with the bitterneſſe of diſcontent, to weane thee from hir: for he that bindes the franticke, and awakes the lethargee, is troubleſome, but friendly to both.

If ought can touch vs ought, affliction lookes
Makes vs to looke into our ſelues ſo neere,
Teach vs to know our ſelues beyond all bookes,
Or all the learned ſchooles that euer were.
This makes our ſenſes quicke, and reaſon cleare,
Reſolues our will, and rectifies our thoughts,
So doe the windes and thunder clenſe the aire,
So lopt and pruned trees do flouriſh faire.

Be not diſcouraged; thou art a Chriſtian, whoſe captaine is a Crucifixe, whoſe ſtandard the Croſſe, whoſe armour Patience, whoſe battell Perſecution, whoſe victorie Death. Whether God foſtreth thee as a weakling, or exerciſe thee as one ſtronger, or checke thee as one vnruly, yet he tendreth all as his owne children. Behold thy Sauiour with his head full of thornes, his eies full of teares, his eares

fulll of blaphemies, his mouth full of gall, his body full of woundes, his heart full of sorrowe; and blame him not, if ere thou finde him, hee giue thee a sippe of the chalice whereof hee drunke so full a cuppe.

Thy loue must be great, when his sorrow is more at thy ingratitude, then at his owne affliction, when he lost himselfe to winne thee: a worke without example, a grace beyond merite, a charitie surpassing measure. Wherefore whether hee set thee to seeke him in the pouerty of the crib and manger, or in the agony of his bloody sweat in the garden, or in the middest of reproches and false accusations before the tribunall, or in the torments of a shamefull death; yet thinke thy selfe as deepe in his fauour for beeing tried by the torments of his passion, as those that are called by the testimonie of his glorious transfiguration.

CHAP. VIII.

That feare to die is the effect of an euill life.

Iohannes Patriarch of *Alexandria*, whose frequent deedes of charity gaue him this Epithete, to be called *Iohãnes Eleemosynarius*, hauing his tombe in building, gaue his people in charge, that it shoulde bee left vnfinished, and that euerie daye one shoulde

put

put him in minde to perfect it. His meaning was, that by that meanes hauing his thoughts fixed of the doore of death, hee might the better prepare himselfe for the passage through it. The Pope that day hee is chosen, hath one comes to him with foure marble stones, as patterns to choose of which his tombe shall bee built. Hee that raketh vp vertue in the ashes of the memorie of death, shall finde hir force so vnited, that when they come to be vnraked, they shall finde that hir heate will so encourage vs, that when our soule findeth a vent to mount vp to hir naturall Sphere, she will flame in the firmament, and shine most oriently to our excessiue comfort, and hir Creators inestimable glorie: for he whose life was a studie to die, well knowes that death hath lost his tartnesse by passing through the veines of life: he feares not his colde sweats, nor forgoing gripes, but taketh them as throwes in child-bed, by which our soule is brought out of a lothsome body into eternall felicitie. Hee feares not the diuels, whose temptation hee hath valiantly resisted: the graue is no horror to him, for hee knowes hee sowes the body in corruption to reape it againe in immortalitie.

Hee that liueth well, shall make a good end, and in the day of death his decease shall be blessed, for hee resteth from his labours, and his workes doe follow him. But to him that liueth ill, death is an euer dying death: he lies tormented with the pangues of the dying flesh, amazed with the corrosiue fittes of the minde, frighted with terror of that is to come, grieued with remorse of that which is past, stung

with the gnawing of a guiltie conſcience, terrified with the rigor of a ſeuere iudge, vexed with approch of a lothſome ſepulchre. They made their priſon their paradiſe, their bellie their God, their appetite their guide: ſo ſowing ſinne, they reape miſerie, traffiking vanities, they gaine griefe: deteſtable was their life, and damnable is their deceaſe.

Abſit mihi gloriari niſi in Chriſto.

CHAP. IX.

That affliction is the coate of a Chriſtian.

IF we bee Chriſtians, affliction is our coat, and the Croſſe our cognizance, *In hoc ſigno vinces*: Chriſtes clouts comfort not thoſe that walke in ſide robes. The ſtable and manger are no refreſhings to ſuch as loue the higheſt roomes in the Synagogue. Our arke lieth not *in papilionibus*, but *in præſepio*. If wee be members of that head which was prickt with thornes, let the

the reſt of the parts ſympathize with it: let the Mount Caluarie bee our ſchoole, the croſſe our pulpit, the crucifixe our meditation, his wounds our letters, his laſhes our commaes, his nailes our full-points, his open ſide our booke, and *Scire Chriſtum crucifixum*, our whole leſſon. By his nakedneſſe, learne to clothe thee; by his crowne of thornes how to adorne thee; by his vinegre and gal, how to diet thee, by his praying for his murderers, howe to reuenge thee; by his hanging on the croſſe, howe to to repoſe thee. Heere learne, that death reuiueth, ſorow ſolaceth, an ecclipſe enlighteneth, that out of the deuourer there came meat, and out of the ſtronger iſſueth ſweetneſſe. And ſince our ſinnes (like fierce *Samſons*) haue murdered the lion of the tribe of Iuda, let our repentant thoughts (like bees) ſucke at the flowers of his paſſion, and make hony to delight our ſelues and prouoke others. Let vs ſeeke Chriſt, not *inter cognutos & natos*, nor with the ſpouſe in the Canticles, *in lectulo meo quæſiui quem amaui*, nor with them in Oſee, that looke him *in gregibus & armentis*; but ſeeke him with *Moſes* in the deſert, with *Daniel* in a firy throne. His delight is to ſee *Niueue* in ſackcloth, *Iob* on the dunghill, hee expects a perfect demonſtration of a ſeruiceable minde, for an *Eamus & nos, vt moriamur cum illo*: for loſſe of felicitie ſearcheth the force of affection. It is neither proſperite that tries a friend, nor aduerſitie that concealeth an enemie. This is that true God that chiefe life, in whom, by whom, and from whom all things doe flowe, from whom to reuolt

is to fall, to whome to returne is to riſe, in whome to ſtay is to ſtand ſure, from whome to depart is to die, to whome to repaire is to reuiue, in whome to dwell is to liue: that God whome none loſeth but deceiued, none ſeeketh but admoniſhed, none findeth but are cleanſed, what euer is not of God is not good: giue mee thy ſelfe, and take all things els from mee.

CHAP. X.

A theme to thinke on.

Conſidera, ô homo, Quid es in natura, Quis in perſona, Qualis in vita. Conſider, ô man, what thou art in nature, who thou art in perſon, what an one thou art in life: for thou art not in nature as a ſtone hauing onely being, nor as a plant hauing onely being and growing, nor as a brute hauing onely being, growing, and ſenſe; but as a man who to theſe imperfections hath the perfection of a liuing ſoule added.

This ſoul's a ſubſtance and a reall thing,
Which hath it ſelfe an actuall worke in night,
But neither from the ſenſes power doth ſpring,

Nor

Nor from the bodies humours tempered right:
It God himselfe doth in the body make,
And man from this the name of man doth take.

And the same God that created thee of nothing, preserues thee from all things that might annoy thee; giues thee health and plentie, and subiecteth all things to thy seruice, that thou mightest serue him in holinesse and rightousnesse all the dayes of thy life: for if God had not created thee, thou hadst not beene at all: if Christ had not redeemed thee, the diuell had deiected thee in the fall of *Adam*: if the Holy Ghost should not comfort thee, thou couldest not be preserued as thou art. Since therefore thou art Gods by creation, redemption, and preseruation, looke what time thou bestowest out of his seruice, thou stealest it from him who made it for thee to serue him in it, and art a thiefe. If thou beest more enamoured of any of these blessings which he bestowes on thee to winne thy loue, than of himselfe, who shewes his loue in bestowing them on thee, thou committest idolatrie, and art an idolater. If thou bestowest good houres in all actions, or great blessings to bad purposes, thou committest treason, and art a traitor.

He that preferres not God fore all his race,
Amongst the sonnes of God deserues no place.

Turpe est benè natis malè viuere, & plantatis benè prius fructificare. Thou art created after his owne image; make no impression vnworthye that character. *Pulchra sint oportet quæ ex eius animo procedunt, qui in Dei habitaculum est præparandus.* Thy soule is

the temple of the Holy Ghoſt, thou muſt not pollute it with brutiſh appetites, but prepare it with gracious meditations, moſt fitting food where-withall to entertaine ſo heauenly a gheſt. He hath made thee in perſon erect, that he might put thee in mind to rectifie thy thoughts and actions. O leuell thy life to the ſtraightneſſe of the line of thine owne portrature. Staine not the beautie of thy parts, leaſt thou ſuſteine miſerie in this life with the loſſe of eternall life: for the ſtipend of ſinne is death, and the merit of tranſgreſſion is eternall perdition.

CHAP. XI.

Morning Meditation, with ſixteene ſobs of a ſorrowfull ſpirit, which ſhe vſed for mentall prayer, as alſo an addition of ſixteene ſtaues of verſe taken out of Peters complaint; *which ſhe vſually ſung and played on the winde inſtrument.*

Happie is the man whoſe life is a continuall Prayer.

O God to whom nothing is ſo great as can reſiſt, nothing ſo little as is contemtiple: O Chriſt the guide of thoſe that ſeeke thee, the light of thoſe that finde thee: O Holy Ghoſt that both

both filleſt and includeſt all things; I am aſhamed to be ſeene of thee, becauſe I am not aſſured to be receiued by thee, hauing neither deſerued pardon for my faults, nor participation of thy glorye: yet ſweete Ieſu, ſupply my defects, that by thy mercie I may obtaine remiſſion, and by thy merits deſerue ſaluation. Let thy paſſion worke compaſſion for me,

A ſorie wight the obiect of diſgrace,
The monument of feare, the map of ſhame,
The mirror of miſhap, the ſtaine of place,
The ſcorne of time, the infamie of fame,
An excrement of earth to heauen hatefull,
Iniurious to man, to God vngratefull.

LOrde, I am depreſſed with the burden of my ſinnes, and oppreſſed with the feare of the puniſhment belonging to them; hauing neither power to reſiſt thy wrath, nor patience to indure thy indignation: wherefore I am become as it doth become me, thy humble ſuppliant. Lord be mercifull to mee a ſinner. My abiect countenance witneſſeth my diſtreſſed minde, my wordes are ſeaſoned with ſighes, and bathed with teares. O let the deaw of my deuotion be drawne vp with the beames of thy remorſe: for behold, as a hunger-ſtarued begger doe I knocke at thy gate, ô honorable houſholder. Open, ô open the gates of thy mercies, to the greatneſſe of my miſeries.

Sad ſubiect of my ſinne hath ſtor'd my minde,
With euerlaſting matter of complaint:
My throwes an endleſſe alphabet doe finde,

My

Beyond the pangues that Ieremie *doth paint.*
That eyes with errors may iuſt meaſure keepe:
Moſt teares I wiſh that haue moſt cauſe to weepe.

PReſerue my body from eternall death, reſerue my ſoule from euerlaſting damnation: let mee neither vngratefully remember thy benefits, nor vngratiouſly forget thy ſeuere iudgements: for albeit, there be no folly which hath not had his ſeat in my minde, and left his foot-ſtep in my actions; yet for that thou looketſt for my amendment, that I may haue thy fauour, graunt mee thy fauour that I may haue amendment.

Giue vent vnto the vapors of my breſt,
That thicken in the brims of cloudy eyes,
Where ſinne was hatch't let teares now waſh the neſt.
Where life was loſt, recouer life with cryes:
My trepaſſe ſoule, let not my teares be few:
Baptiſe my ſpotted ſoule in weeping dew,

COnforme my life, confirme my faith, endue my ſoule with thy loue, ſubdue my fleſh with thy feare: Let mee not dye ere I begin to liue: giue mee time to repent, and occaſion to amend: direct my reaſon: regenerate my will: lead my deſires, that I may ſeeke thee: illuminate my vnderſtanding, that I may finde thee: let my ioy be in enioying thee, in whome deſire wants no ſatiety, nor ſatiety breedes diſcontent.

For

For gripes in all my partes doe neuer faile?
Whose onely league, is now in bartring paines:
What I ingrosse, they traffique by retaile:
Making each others misery their gaines:
All bound for euer prentices to care,
Whilst I in shop of shame trade sorrowes ware.

LEt thy maiesty appeare in thy mercie, couer my sinnes, and I am recouered of my infirmities: for my conscience accuseth me, my memorie giues euidence against me, and my reason condemneth me. Conuert ô Lord, conuert my life, and diuert my punishment.

My guiltie eye still seemes to see my sinne:
All things characters are to spell my fall.
What eye doth read without heart rues within:
What heart doth rue to pensiue thought is gall,
Which when my thought would by my tongue digest.
My eares conuey it backe into my brest.

OVt of a maze of amazements doe I crye out vnto thee, O God my Sauiour and Redeemer: Graunt, O Lorde, that I my firmely resolue, speedily beginne, constantly continue in performing thy will: let me honour thee as a Creator, loue thee as a Redeemer, expect thee as a Sauiour: for by thy goodnesse I was created, by thy mercie redeemed, by thy power preserued, and by thy grace I shall be glorified. Graunt, O sonne of God, that wast made man, that men might become the sonnes of God, that I may liue in thy feare, die in thy fa-

fauour, reſt in thy peace, riſe in thy power, remaine in thy glory for euer and euer.

For life's a maze of countleſſe ſtraying waies:
Open to erring ſteps, and ſtrowed with baits:
To winde weake ſenſes into endleſſe ſtraies,
A looſe from vertues rough vnbeaten ſtraits,
A flower, a play, a blaſt, a ſhade, a dreame,
A liuing death, a neuer turning ſtreame.

GRatious God, whoſe honour is more in ſauing through pitty, then in condemning through iudgement; thou that canſt mitigate griefes preſent, and canſt turne away dangers to come: pardon, I beſeech thee, my ſinnes paſt, ayde mee againſt all temptations to come, and I ſhall praiſe thy name for euer and euer.

Elſe weeping eyes reſigne your teares to me,
A ſea will ſcantly rinſe my ordur'd ſoule.
Huge horrors in high tides muſt drowned be.
Of euery teare my crime exacteth toule.
My ſtaines are deepe: few drops take out none ſuch,
Euen ſalue with ſore, and moſt is not too much.

GOod Lord, make me couet thoſe things that be pleaſing to thee, let me finde them eaſily, and ſearch them wiſely, know them truely, and exerciſe them effectually, to thy glory and my ſaluation. Diſpoſe the courſe of my life, that it may accompliſh that which thou requireſt. Lay forth thy paſſions that I may feele them, ſatisfie me in thy mercies, that I may reioyce in them: remoouе from me all lets to

ſerue

ſerue thee, and giue me thoſe things that may drawe mee to thee: inſtruct my iudgement, rule my affections according to thy will, in the depth of thy mercies confound the deuiſes of my enemies againſt me.

Leſt ſhame the liuery of offending mind,
The vgly ſhroud that ouer ſhadoweth blame,
The mulct at which foule faults are iuſtly fin'd,
The dampe of ſinne, the common ſluce of fame,
By which impoſtum'd tongues their humors purge,
Doe light on me: for I deſerue thy ſcurge.

LOrd thou haſt deliuered me out of the iawes of death, and redeemed my ſoule out of the gates of perdition, ſanctifie my life, that it may be a witneſſe of my thankefulneſſe; let my memorie bee a record to ſhew thy goodneſſe; ſo ſhall my lips ſhew forth thy praiſe, and my heart ſhall bee poſſeſt with the glory of thy greatneſſe.

For fawning vipers, dumbe till they had wounded,
VVith many mouthes do now vpraid my harmes:
My ſight was vail'd, 'till I my ſelfe confounded,
But now I ſee the diſinchanted charmes,
Now can I cut th'anatomie of ſynne,
And ſearch with Linxes eyes what lies within.

GIue me, ô Lord, ſorrow for my ſinnes, thankefulneſſe for thy benefits, feare of thy iudgements, and loue of thy mercies: giue mee an vnderſtanding heart, that I may conceaue a right loue of thy lawe, that I may deſire to performe it,

lt, ſtrength of thy ſpirit that I may haue power to execute it: and becauſe by thy grace I am that I am, let thy demaundes be no greater then thou haſt giuen me grace to performe. Lord giue what thou commandeſt, and then command what thou wilt: let the greatneſſe of thy mercies ſupplie the wantes of my miſeries that my hart may reioyce in the Lord, & thy ſauing health my be knowne among all nations.

O beames of mercie beat on ſorrowes colde,
Powre ſuppling ſhowers on my parched ground,
Bring foorth the fruit of your due ſeruice vow'd,
Let good deſires with like deſerts be crownd,
Water younge blooming vertues tender flowre,
Sin did all grace of viper growth deuowre.

HAue mercy vpon me, O Lord, haue mercie vpon me, according to the multitude of thy mercies, do away my offences: waſh mee from my wickednes, & cleanſe me fro my ſecret ſins: for I acknowledge my faults, & my ſinnes haue made me odious to my ſelfe. Be merciſull, O Lord, be merciſull vnto thy ſeruant, and let not the gates of hell preuaile againſt him: for though the ſtipend of his ſin is death, and the merit of his tranſgreſſion eternall perdition; yet is thy mercy aboue all thy workes, and thou canſt forgiue more, than hee could offend: thou that wilt not the death of a ſinner, deny not the requeſt of a repentant ſinner: thou which haſt giuen mee repentance, which is the ſeale of forgiueneſſe, grant me forgiueneſſe, which is the aſſurance of repentance.

If

If Dauid *night by night did bath his bed,*
Eſteeming longeſt dayes too ſhort to mone:
Inconſolable teares if Anna *ſhed,*
Who in her ſonne her ſolace had forgone:
Then I to dayes, to months, to weekes, to yeeres,
Do owe the hourely rent of ſtintleſſe teares.

OVt of the depth of my ſoule doe I crie vnto thee, Lord put mee not to rebuke in thine anger; let not thine hand preſſe me, neither chaſten me in thy diſpleaſure; for I confeſſe my wickednes, & am ſorry for my ſinne: ſuffer not my name to be touched with diſhonour, neither giue me ouer to be clothed in rebuke: cleanſe my heart from corrupt thoughts, and purge my mouth from all vncleaneneſſe, and impath mee in that courſe that is beſt pleaſing to thee.

Chriſt health of ſeuer'd ſoule, heauen of the minde,
Force of the feeble, nurſe of infant loues,
Guide to the wandring foote, light to the blinde,
Whom weeping winnes, repentant ſorrow moones,
Father in care, mother in tender hart,
Reuiue and ſaue me ſlaine with ſinfull dart.

PRaiſe the Lord, O my ſoule, O let all that is within me praiſe his holy name. Praiſe the Lorde, O my ſoule, and let not the leaſt of his benefits be forgotten: for he hath deliuered thy body from death and thy ſoule hath hee redeemed out of the eſtate of damnation: for hee hath created thee after his owne image, and breathed a liuing ſoule into thee,

thee, to praiſe his name for euer and euer: for his prouidence hath preſerued thee, his ſtrength defended thee, his mercie comforted thee, and his grace ſhall glorifie thee: O therfore praiſe his holy name; O let all that is within mee ſing praiſes to my God, my Sauiour and Redeemer.

Lazar at pities gate I vlcered lie,
Crauing the refuſe crummes of childrens plate.
My ſores I lay in view to mercies eye:
My rags beare witneſſe of my poore eſtate.
The wormes of conſcience that within me ſwarme,
Proue that my plaints are leſſe than is my harme,

GIue mee, ô Lord, an vnderſtanding heart, that I may haue a true feeling of the greatneſſe of thy benefits, inſtruct thou my lippes, and my mouth ſhall ſhewe foorth thy praiſe: for my heart deſireth to haue hir loue knowen, and my ſpirit reioiceth in God my Sauiour: I will magnifie thy holy name, for thou haſt heard my voice, and not ſuffred my foes to triumph ouer mee: thou haſt relieued my wants, and giuen mee plenty when I was in neceſſitie. I will lift vp my hands vnto the king of glory, euen vnto his mercies ſeat from whence is my redemption; for I knowe the weakneſſe of our fleſh, and acknowledge there is no helpe that comes not from aboue.

Prone lookes, croſt armes, bent knee, and contrite heart,
Deep ſighs, thick ſobs, dew'd eies, and proſtrate praiers.
Moſt humbly begge releaſe of earned ſmart,
And ſauing ſhrowd in mercies ſweet repaires:

If

If Iustice should my wrongs with rigor wage,
Feares would dispaire, ruth breed a hopelesse rage.

I Giue thee thanks, O most mercifull father, for all thy benefits bestowed vpon mee, desiring thee long to continue them, and to make mee thankfull for them: direct the wordes of my mouth, the meditations of my heart, the actions of my body, that they may be pleasing to thee, and profitable for mee: Lorde heare my voice, accept this my sacrifice of thankesgiuing, which thy bountifull goodnesse hath extorted. Let not the worlde, the flesh, nor the diuell preuaile against mee, but let thy gracious spirit conquer them in all my conflicts. Lorde I haue reposed my whole trust in thee, let not thy seruant be put to confusion.

With mildnesse Iesus measure my offence,
Let true remorse thy due reuenge abate,
Let teares appease when trespasse doth incense,
Let pittie temper thy deserued hate,
Let grace forgiue, let loue forget my fall:
With feare I craue, in hope I humblie call.

LOrd, though I can neither praise thee as beecommeth mee, nor pray to thee as I ought to doe: yet accept I beseech thee, these my halting speeches brokenly vttered, as an oblation for my most grieuous offences: looke vpon mee in thy mercies, and let the blood of that immaculate lambe Christ Iesus, stand betwixt mee and thy iudgements. Lord, into thy handes doe I commend my soule,

and my body into thy cuſtody, Lord Ieſu receiue them: Lord bleſſe mee and all that beelongs vnto me from this time foorth for euermore. Sweet Ieſu ſanctifie my life, and bleſſe me with ſorrow for my ſinnes, thankfulneſſe for thy benefits, feare of thy iudgements, loue of thy mercies, mindefulneſſe of thy preſence, that liuing in thy feare, I may die in thy fauour, reſt in thy peace, riſe in thy power, remaine in thy glory for euer and euer.

Redeeme my lapſe with ranſome of thy loue,
Trauers th'indictement, rigors doome ſuſpend,
Let frailtie fauour, ſorrow ſuccour moue.
Be thou thy ſelfe, though changeling I offend,
Tender my ſuite, cleanſe this defiled den,
Cancell my debts, ſweet Ieſu ſay Amen.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

A Madrigall made by *Berny Grymeſton* vpon the conceit of his mothers play to the former ditties.

HOw many pipes, as many ſounds
Do ſtill impart to your ſonnes hart
As many deadly wounds.
How many ſtrokes, as many ſtounds,
Ech ſtroke a dart, ech ſtound a ſmart,
Poore Captiue me confounds:
And yet how oft the ſtrokes of ſounding keies hath ſlaine,
As oft the looks of your kind eies reſtores my life againe.

CHAP. XIII.

A good Fridayes exercise, or a Meditation of the Crosse.

HILE I thinke of the Crosse of Christ: and bethinke my selfe of Christ crucified. I am so amazed with the amazement of so admirable a miracle: and so ouercome with the greatnes of so mysticall a mystery: as that the more I search what to finde: the lesse I finde what to say. I seeke for glory, from the fountaine of glory: but finde misery beyonde humane misery. I exspect gladnes, as from the author of comfort: but finde sadnes, such, as my tongue cannot vtter. I looke for life, at the giuer of life: But finde death more deadly then any death. I come as a man to visit God: but finde God become the sonne of man, that men might become the sonnes of God. What I search, I cannot find: what I finde, I cānot deliuer. For the passion of Christ being cōpounded of so many forcible contraries, as of glory; misery; gladnes; sadnes; life; death; God; man, the vnion of these contrarieties in one subiect is so effectuall, as it mooueth compassion; no passion can expresse for, for contraries to bee both predominant in one subiect: and for one subiect

iect contentedly to containe two predominant contraries, is a thing of that admiration, as that mans vnderstanding cannot comprehend, how the vnion of such disunion should bee in communion. So that what part so euer of this whole you beholde, you must loue the sweetenes of this variety, and admire the variety of this sweeteneſſe: Christ suffered vpon the Crosse, thats my griefe: Christ suffered vpon the Crosse for me, thats my comfort. Christ suffered death that I might know him man, Christ suffered death and arose againe in dispight of death, that I might acknowledge him God. Hee suffered on the Crosse: thats the misery. Christ suffered to rise againe: thats the glory. It is a miracle beyonde admiration: for misery to containe glory, for death to bring forth life. For sadneſſe to beget ioy. It is a truth without distrust: that these flouds of sorrow and ioy, misery, glorie, life, death, bee vnited in this ocean of the passion, which thus ouerfloweth the boundes of my vnderstanding. But it is nothing to say Christ suffered, vnleſſe you know what he suffered. Great is the sorrow which a naturall father taketh of the wrong done to his sonne. Great is the sorrow which a louing sonne taketh for the violence offered to his father: yet neither of these sorrowes, are sorrowfull, in respect of that sorrowe, which Christ suffered on the Crosse who in the obedience hee ought to his father, became a sonne; and in the loue hee beareth his children continues our father.

Consider and reconsider, the paine of *Saint Paule*

in his beheading, the ſorrow of Saint *Peter* in his martyrdome, the grieuous panges of death, that Saint *Stephen* felt while hee was ſtoned, view and reuiew, not the perticular tormentes of ſeuerall martyrs: but conceiue al their tortures to be in one perticuler, yet doth not their ſorrowe equall the paine and ſorrow which the ſonne of man, redeemet of the world did ſuffer on the Croſſe: For albeit the terment of perticuler diſſigned martires, was ſuch as fleſh and blood could in no ſort tolletate, yet did God in his mercie, ſo temper their puniſhments, either with power to contemne them, or patience to endure them, as if wee meaſure the ioye they conceiued of a future life: with the paine and byting throwes which they abode while the ſoule ſought his libeity to bee let out of the bodye, wherein it was impriſoned: as it is queſtionable, whether their paine or pleaſure were greater, but out of all queſtion it is true, that there is ſuch a mixture, and equall temper, of paine with pleaſure, and pleaſure with payne, as it were not of force to ſeperate the Soule from the bodie, were it not that God in his loue to requite their charity, hath ordayned martirdome, as a meanes for their gloryous tranſlation.

I ſpeake not to amplifie, but to deliuer a trueth: for while Sain: *Stephen* was ſtoned, the heauens were opened vnto him, and hee had the Contemplation of the ioyes thereof to mittigate his torment.

While

While *Agatha* her papes were cut off, ſhee had aſſiſtant vnto her the comfort of *Peter* the Phiſition, and when Saint *Peter* was in priſon, hee had the conſolation, and the preſence of the Angell to ſhake open the doore, and vnboult his fetters, and ſo I might inſtance in the reſt, but in the paſſion of Chriſt there was ſuch a confluxe of ſorrowe without pleaſure as it made ſo great an inundation as all the teares that mortality can ſhed, cannot poſſibly draw it.

It is no ſmall augmentation of ſorrowe to thinke who it is that cauſeth our griefe, if an enemye wronge vs, the griefe is the leſſe becauſe it is expected, but if our friend iniurie vs, the griefe is the greater, becauſe that loue which ſhould bee nouriſhed with kindeneſſe, is quenched with diſcurteſie: the verye Oyle that nouriſheth hatred.

Now what were they that crucified Chriſt, they were not *Gentiles*, of whome hee expected not to bee acknowledged, but they were *Iewes* a choſen Nation. They were not *Iewes* onelye but one was *Iudas* a Diſciple choſen, but an vnexpected traitour: if *Iudas* had betrayed him out of the mallice of his owne heart onelye, the griefe had beene leſſe to the ſonne, if the diſcurteſie had beene tollerated by his heauenlye father, neyther did the father onely ſuffer it, but the ſonne conſented to his owne puniſhments.

A Conſpiracie a ſtrange conſpiracie, of a Iewe turned a Gentile, of an Apoſtle turned an Apoſtata, ſuffred by the father to the ſonne, by the ſonne againſt himſelfe, and all actinge the death of an innocent lambe; actinge their parts, to impart a bleſſinge to vs, that by his deathe wee might haue our redemption. I haue ſtroken him: ſayth the father, I will giue my life for my flocke, ſayeth the ſonne. Crucifie him, Crucifie him, ſayeth the Iewes, Pilate the Gentile condemned with his mouthe, whom his hart knewe to bee innocent. The heauens conſented, as deſirynge to haue him reſtored vnto them. The Earth did ſecond them, as haulinge no other meanes of Redemption: for their Euills were againſt an infinite God, and infinite goodnes muſt ſatiſfie for them.

Now what a greife is it for the ſonne to bee ſmit with the conſent of his father, for the Lorde to bee deſided of thoſe whoſe Redemption hee was a ranſoming, to ſuffer ſuch great and greiuous punniſhments by his owne voluntarie approbation, what a greife is it, hee forbore to vſe his owne power in reſiſtinge theſe opprobries, in the tyme of his paſſion: not that hee ought to doe ſoe, as ſufferinge for his owne ſinnes, beeinge without ſinne, but that hee woulde doe ſoe, in the fulnes of his charitie, ſubmitting himſelfe to the mercye of thoſe who had not found mercie, but by his ſuffering: hee was Riche aboue all, becauſe God without ſinne, poore aboue all, becauſe man

for

for our sinns: To these, adde the tendernes of the flesh which did suffer, the contemptuous deridinge world, for which hee suffred, the greise of his disciples fleeinge, because hee suffered: Adde all thinges, Adde euerie thinge, Except you see all dollures of euerie martyr ouercommed and supassed in this dollerous passion of our blessed sauiour.

Thou seest not what the Crosse can teach thee, or Christ crucified doth giue thee to conceaue, words are wantinge to expresse the greatnes of this pasion. His dolors were infinite, not to bee numbered by arte, or comprehended by mans apprehension, such and soe vehement, as affected the heauens, the earth, the liuinge, the dead, the sensible, and vnsensible creatures, the sonne was obscured, and the moone hidde her selfe for shame, the earth trembled for feare, the monuments opened themselues, and the dead arose astonished, and what Distraction of minde mans tounge cannot deliuer, Nature her selfe vndertoke to discouer, Our greife is from this sorrowe, but our ioye is, that this sorrowe and griefe was suffred for our Redemption.

Martirdome is a greate misterie: It is not that sower, which the sence conceaueth, but it is that sweetnesse, which no sence conceits aright, for albeeit, the habite of that death bee vnnaturall, and it selfe contemptuous, yet to him that with the eye of vnderstanding, measures the effect by the cause, there is nothinge lesse in it, then that the worldlye man seeth in it, they come

not

not vnarmed to this conflicte, their breſts are armed with the breſtplate of Iuſtic. Their feete are ſhod ſo that they can walke on the baſilicke and adder, as the Pſalmiſts ſpeaketh: their head is hid in the helmet of ſaluation, they muſt die, before: they can winne the feild: by yeildinge, they ſubdue: by dyinge, they reuiue: by ſheddinge their blood, they wynne the goale of eternall felicitie. Elias may not thinke much to let fall the worthles mantle of his fleſhe: to be carried to paradice in a fyerie chariot, Ioſeph muſt leaue his cloake in a ſtrumpets hand, rather then yeeld to her lude entiſements. Beauers when they are hunted for their ſtones, bite them of themſelues and runne home without them; our home is heauen, our parents the Patriarks. Wee muſt haſten to them without that, wee cannot without inconuenience carrie with vs, there is the centure of our repoſe, the ſeat of our ſecuritie, and mattirdome is the bridge ouer which wee paſſe to our contentment.

Sardanapalus laye not with more delight on his bed ſtopped with Millian downe: Then Saint *Laurence* laye on the cradle hee was broyled on. Perfumed *Helen*, was not ſo ſweet in all hir odoriferus balmes as was Saint *Cycily* in the ſmoake of hir martyrdome. But why doe I gleane in ſoo plentifull a harueſt. Collect the coles, the wheeles, the ropes, the rakes and all the tormentes that tyrants haue inuented or martyrs ſuffred, and you ſhall ſee the croſſe of Chriſt and meditation

ditation of the passion, to haue made those torments delightfull to martyrs, that haue seemed vnsupportable to the executioners themselues. A strange kinde of triumphe, where the conquerour is haled on the hirdle, with his handes manacled, his triumphant arche, the disgracefull gallowes: his spoyles and prizes his vnbodyed bowels: his pompe, punishment: his maiestie, miserie.

The Silk-worme first eateth her selfe out of a very little seed, and groweth to be a small worme: afterwarde when by feeding a certaine time vpon freshe and greene leaues it is waxed of greater size, eateth it selfe againe out of the other coate, and worketh it selfe into a case of silke, which when it hath once finished, in the end casting the seede for many young to breed of, and leauing the silke for mans ornament, dyeth all white and winged, in shape of a flying thing.

Euen so the martyrs of the Catholicke Church, first breake out of the dead seede of originall sinne by Baptisme: then, when by feeding on the sacraments and leaues of Gods worde, they are growne to more ripenesse, casting the coate of worldly vanities, they cloathe themselues with the silke of vertue, and perfection of life, in which worke perseuering to the end, euen when the persecution is greatest, they finallie as neede requireth, shedde their blood, as seede for new off-spring to arise of, and leaue moreouer the silke of their vertues as an ornament to the church. And thus departe white for their

good

good workes, and winged with innocencie of hands, and cleanesse of heart, they presently flie to their heauenlie repose, agreeably to *Dauids* saying, *Quis ascendet in montem domini? Innocens manibus et mundo corde.* Who shall ascend to the mount of God, the innocent of hands and cleane of heart. So that though the ripe fruite of the Church be gathered, yet their blood engendereth new supply, and it increaseth the more, when the disincrease thereof is violently procured. It is like the bushe that burned and was not consumed. Of the owne ruines it riseth, and of the owne ashes it reuiueth, and by that increaseth, by which the world decayeth. For albeit *Constantine* refused a bathe of the blood of Infants in age, yet doubtlesse had not these Infants in innocencie (I meane the Martyrs) bathed him in theirs, God knoweth whether euer he had beene rid of his spirituall Leaprosie: which he himselfe in a maner acknowledging, when hee came to that famous councell of *Nice*, finding many of those Fathers, that had some part of their body maimed, or disfigured, with the torments suffered for the Catholicke faith, he embraced them in humble sorte, most deuoutlie kissing the scarres of their torments, as most honorable badges of Christianitie. The crosse of Christ giues comfort to all those that repose themselues vnder it: Consider the tragicall pagent of Christes passion, wherein he thus lost himselfe to winne vs: Beholde his head full of thornes, his eares full of blasphemies, his eyes full of teares, his mouth full of gall, his body full of woundes, his hart full of sorrowe,

no

no part free from paine, that all our parts might be freed of paine. O worke without example, O grace without merit, O charitie surpassing all vnderstanding. *O Peccator* saith Saint Bernard, *Securum accessum habes ad patrem, vbi habes matrem ante filium, et filium ante patrem. Filius ostendit patri latus, et vulnera, mater: Filio pectus & vbera, nec potest esse ibi aliqua repulsa, vbi sunt tot caritatis insignia*: O sinner, securelie mayest thou come to the Father, where thou hast the mother before the sonne, the sonne before his father. The sonne sheweth his Father his side, and his woundes; the mother to her sonne her brest and her dugges, neither can there be any repulse, where there plead so manie markes and tokens of charitie.

Beholde thy Sauiour crucified vpon the crosse with his feete and hands fast nailed, satisfieng for the remisnesse and loosenesse of thy behauiour: Beholde his painefull crowne of Thornes vpon his head, satisfieng for thy headie and imperious proceeding against thy brethren; Beholde his sorrowfull and thirstie exclamation, crying, *Sitio*, I am drie, finding no better refreshing then bitter gall, satisfieng for thy gluttonie: his eares loadened with reproache, satisfieng for the delights thou tookest in flatterie.

So that what good soeuer we are to expect, we expect it from the infirmitie of the crosse, vnto which Christ submitted himselfe, leauing it vnto vs, as a sacrament to cure vs, as a grace to strengthen vs; as a merit to saue vs. O powre, but a strange powre, because

cauſe out of miſerie; O ſtrength, but a ſtrange ſtrength, becauſe out of infirmitie: O life but a ſtrange life; becauſe out of death: A myſterie, ſo great a myſterie, as I cannot further expreſſe it, neyther neede I, for thou ſeeſt Chriſt hath done his parte, in redeeming thee, there wanteth onely thy part, in being thankefull for it; thou canſt not bee partaker of the fruites of his paſſion, Except thou beeſt partner in the ſorrowes for his paſſion; Chriſt is gone before, and hath left vs his example, that wee might Imitate him in humilitie, and auſteritie of life, except we impathe our ſelues in the courſe of his paſſion, we ſhall not be partakers of his heauenlie compaſſion.

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Againſt

CHAP. XIIII.

Against Lasciuiousnesse.

Currus luxuriæ quadriga volvitur vitiorum.

Ingluuiæ ventris.	*Trahitur 4.*	*Sanitate.*
Lubidine coitus.		*Rerum abundantia.*
Mollicia vestium.	*equis*	*Ignauia.*
Otij resolucione.		*Securitate.*

SAint *Ambrose* studying by himselfe how it came to passe, that our forefathers in the old time had so many wiues at once, answers himselfe in excuse of them. *Certe cum fuit mos, non fuit culpa*: When it was fashion, it was no fault. Many of our swaggering youths, that dry their bones with chamber worke: are growne to thinke Lecherie no vice, nor Rape no sinne; terming it, *Magnatum ludum*: when indeed there is not any vice more hatefull to man and odious to God, but that the cõmonnesse of it, mittigates the hatred of it; for first it is *Malum sui diffusium*. A sawcie gest, neuer satisfied, though neuer so well enterteined, though lulled in Ladies laps, yet

yet neuer warme inough, if ſet at Lordes tables, yet neuer full inough, if lodged in Marchantes beddes; yet neuer ſoft inough, creeping like a *Serpigo*, from the courte, to the cubben: from the princes pallace, to the mounckes Sell. Couering the face of the earth with her leproſie, and Syren like, enchanting euery man of what degree ſoeuer, and where ſhe gets entertainement, ſhe neuer ceaſeth ſtill ſpending body and goodes, from a brutiſh beginning ſhee bringes them to a beggerly end, *Nam luxuriam ſequitur diſſipatio omnis*, firſt of ſubſtance. *Qui nutrit ſcortum perdis ſubſtantiam, Prouerb.* 29. Then of body, *Tremores pedum & articulorum generat depreuationem. Sen. 24. ep.* And as *Iob* ſaith, for ſpirituall bleſſings. *Ianis eſt vſque ad conſumptionem deuorans, eradicans ipſa lenimina bonorum operum Iob* 31. A ſinne puniſhed by man with ſhame and reproch, with excommunication as not worthy the preſence of Gods people. Puniſhed by God ſo deepely as that for this ſinne God ſpared not the whole world, *Propter peccatum carnis omnes perierunt excepto Noe: &c.* The kingdome of *Babilon* was giuen from that Image of luſt *Sardanapalus* to the Medes: And in that monſter of his time *Laſſiuius Rodricus* King of *Ireland*, was *Ireland* tranſlated to be vnder the Engliſh gouernment.

In the Goſpell we reade that thoſe that were taken in this ſinne were ſtoned to death, which place I rather alleadge for that ſome out of that place take a liberty of ſinning, arguing, that becauſe Chriſt ſent the woman away without puniſhment, therefore hee diſliked of their puniſhing that ſinne: But Chriſt know-

knowinge the pride of their harts, had a purpoſe to dawnte them, and ſoe firſt aunſwcared them that brought her, before he reſpected the adultereſſe, yet did he neither giue allowance to the ſinne, nor diſcountenance the puniſhment, but ſet her away with this caueat, Goe woman and ſinne no more. And as by circumſtance the coniecture is probable, *Putauit Lapidandam: Sed non lapidandis*. Thinking it noe decorum that thoſe that by the law were to bee executed, ſhould be executioners of the lawe.

Inter oia chiſtianorum certamina: duriſſima ſunt prælia caſtitatis, vbi quotidiana Pugna et vara victoria. Wherefore it behoueth euerie man to be reſpectiue, and to arme himſelfe againſt this euer aſſalting, and often preuailing ſinne.

Our forefathers had fiue Armours and all litle inough to impugne this ſinne. The firſt was *obſeruatio cordis*, the ſecond was, *Fomentorum luxuriæ ſuſtractio*: The third was *Penalis diſſiplinatio*: The fowrth in *Conſideratio mundanæ Fragilitatis*. And the fift *Seria vsortis meditatio*.

For the firſt, *omni cuſtodia Cuſtodi Cortum*, *Pro.4.* ſet a watch at thy heart, let it not harbor one ill thought: *Cogitationes enim male, dum in corde ludunt, illuduns*, Theſe are thoſe litle ones that we muſt *alidere ad petram*: *Principiis obſta.*

Quiſquis inprimis pepulit amorem
Tutus et victor abijt:
Qui blandiendo dulce nutrirunit malum,
Sero recuſat ferre quod ſubijt iugum.

For the second, *sine Cerere et Bacco, friget Venus*, the excesse of these, are *fomenta luxuriæ*, therefore we must take heed how we vse them.

Naturæ nihil parum, Appetitui nihil satis, a little contents nature, but nothing satisfies opinion. *Qui tradit Corpori, plus quam debet Corpori, hostem nutrit.* He that pampereth his body, more then suffiseth nature, nourisheth his enemy.

Gregor: 3. *ho*: vpon *Zechiel, qui minus tradit corpori, quam debet corpori, cinem necat.* He that giues not the bodie his due, murders his friend, it is the same Fathers speeche, in the twelfe of his Morralles, the reason of both is giuen by *Hugo* in his booke, *de claustro animæ Cap.* 10. *quia eadem caro quæ se ductrix est in malis: ad intrix est in bonis.* And by *August. in confesse: Non est caro mala, si malo careat*: our bodye is not ill, if it haue a good keeper.

The third is *Penalis Disciplinatio*, a thing so farre out of fashion, that were it not regestred, in Record, wee should forget that euer there was any such keeper of chastitie. Neither is there any answerable to that good Father, who when hee was tempted with lust, ranne to the candle, burnt his fingers in it as a demonstratiue argument, that if his fingers coulde not abide the payne of beeing scorched in the candle, lesse, oh much lesse, could his bodye beare the torture of frying in hell fire, whither if hee yeelded that sinne woulde bring him, neither doeth any man as *Gregorie* telles of *Benedict*, when hee is mooued with this temptation

tion: lodge him selfe naked in a bedde of netles.

For the fowrth.

Quicunque regna fidit,
Et magno potens dominatur,
Aula.
Nec laues metuit deos,
Animumque credulum letis dedit:
Me videat et te troia.

If anye man truſt to fortunes fauor, and ſet his reſt on worldlie worth: Let him vew the deſolation of famous Cities, marke the fall of her greateſt fauorites, and hee will ſaye with *Hecuba* in that place. *Non vnquam tulit documenta fors maiora, quam fragili loco ſtarent ſuperbi:*

Quis fuerat magno maior,

Who was greater then *Alexander*, whoſe famous ſucceſſe, and memorable exploites gaue him this Epithite to be called

Greate tamen ille vocauit,
Submiſsa fugiens voce clientis opem.

Who was in better place then *Cæſar*: or who could bettere ſecure himſelfe of his eſtate. But looke to his end.

Predicta cauere,
Vulnera non potuit teto ſpectante ſenatu.

Zerxes went out with an indincible Armye. *Sed quali redit, Nempe vna cruentis agitata fluctibus.*

Sic dat et quodcunque lubet fortuna rapitque,
Irus et eſt hodie, qui modo Cræſus erat.

For the laſt. *Rigidum ius et ineuitabile fati.* It was a Condicion annexed to our creation, *Intracti*

vt exires. A condition which wee are alwayes in performing. *Non eſt vitæ momentum ſine motu ad mortem. Huc tendimus omnes, huc primus huc vltimus ordo.*

Now, if the moſt flagrante Rauiſher were asked if hee woulde die in his rauiſhing. Hee woulde aunſweare, noe: O then conſider.

Quam turpe ſit eo ſtato viuere: in quo non ſtatuas mori. What it is to liue as thou wouldſt not dye.

CHAP. XV.

A Paræneticall diſcourſe perſwading repentance.

IF it bee true, which the author of truth doth teſtifiie: that all fleſh is graſſe: and all the grace thereof is as that flowre of the feild. If Cõmon experience make it commonlie knowne, and euerie diary and Church booke doth verifie, that the fift part that are Chriſtned, doe not liue to be fiftie, and that the yeares of our life are but threeſcore and ten. *Si ſtatutum eſt omnibus ſemel mori.* If it be anacted that all ſhall die, and that this corruption ſhall put on incorruption. Then *Miſer homo cur hunc ad mortem non diſponis quem ſcis procerto moriturum*, Diſpoſe thy ſelfe to death ſince thou muſt not liue. If the ſword

ſword of Gods vengeance hange alwayes ouer our heades, readye for our ſinnes to deuide vs from our bliſſe, and no man knowes when it will hit him. If Auguſtin woulde not for the gayne of a millian of worldes bee an Athiſt for halfe an hower, for that hee knewe not but God might in that time call him, and then when this life left him, the next woulde finde him. If almoſt euerie diſtemper of that temper whereof wee are made bring death, and that by miſchances, manie one of vs are taken as a bird with a boult, while ſhee gazeth at the bowe: Then thinke with thy ſelfe. *Quam turpe ſit eo ſtatu viuere in quo non ſtatuas mori*, howe deteſtable it is to liue as thou wouldſt not dye.

If the longer God ſtaieth not finding amendment, thee ſorer hee puniſheth when hee comes to Iudgement. If ſinne where ſhee getts enterance doe ſtraight way fortifie and bee expelled with more difficultie then not admitted, *Si qui dui facit: longo noluit*. If hee that to day is vnwilling, will to morrow bee wilfull: If the hower of our death bee vncerteyne, that wee may certeynlie expect it euerie hower: If cuſtome of ſinning breed a habit of ſinne in thee, and the more that thou doe ſin the greater is thy accompt, and the leſſe art thou enabled to diſchardge it: If this bee the day wherein thou art to make thy ſaluation ſure vnto thee by repentance, and the night bee comming wherein thou canſt not worke: then Iudge thy ſelfe that thou beeſt not Iudged.

Then remember thy creator in the dayes of thy youth, and meet him with repentance or hee come to Iudgement. And meet him to day, leaſt eyther thou beeſt not or bee leſſe fit to morrow: for, *male viuit qui ſemper viuere incipit*, Hee liues not well that alwayes is to begin to liue well.

Qui non eſt hodie cras minus aptus erit. It is true that, *pœnitentia vera nunquam ſera*, it is neuer to late to repent, witnes the theefe on the gallowes who in the tyme of deliuering eight wordes, got remiſſion of his liues offences: but it is as true *raro vero quando ſera*. Witnes the ſame theſe who as hee is an example leaſt anye ſhoulde diſpaire. ſoe is hee an example alone, leaſt anye ſhoulde preſume.

It is true, that God promiſeth to euerie penitent ſinner forgiuenes of his ſinnes: But it is as true that hee doth not promiſe that euerie ſinner ſhall repent: and with what probabilitie canſt thou expect that grace in a moment at thy death, that hath not befalne thee in all thy life time, thou ſeeſt water what way it gettes a vent, That way the ſtreame will make a current: Thou ſeeſt a tree, what way it growes: that way it falles. Thou ſeeſt thy bodie followes the complexion of that humor that is moſt predominant in it: and ſhal not the ſoule bee affected like to the humor that cheifly poſſeſſeth it.

Non poteſt in morte videre vitam, Qui non vult in vita prouidere mortem. There is no ſinne

ſoe

ſoe great as ingratitude. *Ingratum ſi dixeris omnis dixeris*. There is no ingratitude greater then that thou committes againſt thy creator, There is no ingratitude againſt him ſo great, as that haueing giuen thee, beeing: Thou beſtowes both thy proſperous health and healthfull proſperitie in his employment that is moſt his enemie.

If thou for thy ſeruantes diat and fortie ſhillinges wages expect that hee ſhall not beſtowe one hower out of thy worke? What ſhall God expect at our handes, who hath giuen vs our ſelues and all wee haue?

Si in igne erdet qui non dedit propria vbi ardebit qui ſurripuerit aliena. If in the latter daye men ſhall goe to hell, becauſe they did not Cloath the naked, Feede the hungrie, Councell the Ignorant? What ſhall beecome of them that take from the naked that little they haue, and from the hungerie, euen that that ſhoulde relieue them.

Si ſterelitas in ignem mittiur: rapina quid, merebitur.

If that idle ſeruant bee condemned that doth no good: What ſhal become of him that doth euill, *Omnis anima: aut Chriſti ſponſa: aut diaboli adultera, qui non eſt Chriſti antichriſti eſt.*

Either art thou the ſpouſe of Chriſt, or the Adultereſſe of the Deuill. Cite thy ſelfe beefore thy ſelfe, reconcile thy ſelfe to God beefore hee come to Iudgement, Beeholde

hee comes and comes quickly? *et grauiter punit expectatum, quanto diutius expectat tot emendatis. Tanto destrictius indicat si neglexeritis.* The longer the ruſt of ſinne remaines vpon thee, the deeper it eates into thee. The longer thou keepes this burden of ſinne vpon thee, the leſſe wilt thou bee able to beare it.

Saladinus that great conqueror of the eaſt, lying ſicke, called his ſtander-bearer, goe ſaith hee take my winding ſheete on thy ſtaffe, ſignifie to the great Citty of Babilon, that of all my conqueſt I onelie carrie this ragge with mee. It is moſt true that the pleaſures of this life that withholdes vs from the auſteritie of repentance, *Sæpe deſerunt viuentem nunquam ſequuntur morientem.* They oft times forſake vs while wee liue, but they neuer follow vs beeing dead.

Si tibi pulchra domus ſi ſplendida menſa: quid inde.
Si ſpecies auri argenti quoque maſſa: quid inde.
Si tibi ſponſa decens, ſi ſit generoſa: quid inde,
Si faueat mundus, ſi proſpera cuncta: quid inde,
Tam cito tam cito preteriunt hæc. Vt nihil inde.

If this huge maſſe of the centure of the earth bee not ſo much as a pricke in regarde of the circumference of the largeſt heauen. What is the moment of mans life compared to eternitie? If the pleaſures of this life bee ſo fickle as that they deceiue them moſt that put moſt truſt in them.

Si Vitræa ſit fortuna dea quæ cum ſplendet frangitur. If the yong man may die from them, and the olde man cannot liue longe with them. If the life and

and libertie of thebeſt bee in the worſt mans hand that contemnes his owne, and that it be ſure that *Vitæ tuæ dominus eſt quiſquis ſuam contemſit*. If fortune deale with her beſt fauorite no better then the hangeman doth with the theefe, who the higher he climes, the greater is his fall. If *Salomon* in all his Royaltie and regall complements found them to be vanitie of vanities and vexation of ſpirit, then ſet not thy reſt on that wherein there is no reſt.

Si ſceleris in ſcelere ſupplicium. Si cupido nocet ipſa, Cupido. Si non ſit fælicitas in qua non eſt fel. Si extrema gaudei poſſidet meror. If the pleaſure of this life bee ſuch a glucupicron, ſuch a mixture of ſweete and ſower, as with the Bee they haue ſtings in their tailes that are moſt loden with honye in their mouthes. If what is got with payne, is kept with feare, and loſt with greefe, then *In enum thezauriza quod extra eum*, laye vp treaſure for that daie: noe daie ſhall end.

Petentis negligentia damnatur vbi de dantis munificentia non dubitatur: Hee is worthie to want that may haue for asking. He that denyes that God can forgiue vs our ſinnes, denyes his omnipotency. Hee that denyes that hee will forgiue vs the ſinnes wee repent, denyes Gods truth, that hath promiſed at what time ſo euer wee repent vs of our ſinnes, Hee will put all our faultes out of his remembrance, at what tyme ſoeuer: there is the laſt tyme accepable: I will put all his ſinnes, there is no ſinne excepted. Remember thou

haſt

haſt him for thy iudge that was incarnate and knowes with what difficultie ſinne is reſiſted.

If he prayed for thoſe that reuiled him: will hee not heare thoſe that adore his maieſtie? If he forgaue thoſe that contemned his infirmitie? will hee not remitte them that truſt in his paſſion. *Non vult conuerſo negare vitam: qui aurſum nuitas ad conuerſionem.* Giue mee an inſtance of one, *Ieſu fili dei miſerere mei*, that had not the graunt of their petition. It cured the ſicke, it healed the impotent, it opened the eyes of the blinde, cleanſed the lepars, reuiued the dead, abſolues the repentant. *Peter, Mary Magdalin, Dauid, Zacheus*, they all giue their warrant, that *Non vouit dominus differre quum contrito corde ſenſerit ſupplicare.*

It is true that *anima quæ peccauerit ipſa morietur*, but it is as true, that *penitentia addit quod peccatum detraxit. Impietas impij non nocebit impio in illa die in qua conuerſus fuerit ab impietate ſua. Ezech. 33. Hier. 18. Ionas* was ſent with a diffinitiue ſentence againſt *Niniuie*: yet fortie dayes and *Niniuie* ſhall be deſtroyed, and the *Niniuites* repented and were accepted into fauour, *4. Reg. 20.*

Ezechias was ſicke, and the Prophet was ſent to will him to diſpoſe his things for he ſhould dye: and ſo ſoone as *Ezechias* hard it, hee turned to the wall and repented his ſinnes, and it was ſo acceptable to God, as that *Ezechias* receiued preſent comfort, for the Prophet was willed to tell him that his repentance was accepted. He ſhould liue and not die,

for

for God had added fifteene yeares vnto his age: Repent, repent; repent with *Niniue*, and turne away Gods wrathe from thee: Repent with *Ezechias*, and turne the blessing of long life vnto thee. *Sic mutabis immutabilem, sic vinces inuincibilem, sic tremendum iudicem conuertes in piissimum patrem.*

Desunt reliqua.

CHAP. XVI.

That Maiestie is the daughter of Honour and Reuerence, against Traytors.

THe malignors of authoritie, that can neither brooke Superiors, nor admit their equals; doe in disgrace thereof insinuate, that the first conceipt of Superioritie proceeded from Lucifer. *Ex quodam fastu superbiæ. Cupiens super alios exaltari*, as it in the 38. of *Ezechi.* and 14. of *Esay*; alledging further, that he that did next second that aspiring spirit, was *Caine* the murtherer: *Qui ciuitatem ædificauit vt dominaretur in ea, Gen. 4.* Not forgetting to presse for their purpose, that those rulers that succeeded them after the Floud, was *Nemrod de Caine maledicto filio Noe, Gen. 9.* And those *Robusti venatores, Belus* of Babilon, and *Ninus* the first Monarche of the Assyrians, whose tyrannicall gouernement, as it was a disgrace

to

to their perſons: ſo would they haue their perſons a ſtaine to the place they ſuſteined. But little he knows that doth not acknowledge, that it doth not derogate from the ſonne, to be hated of the Owle: nor detract from the dignitie of Princes. That becauſe the light of Magiſtrates vnderſtanding, illuminated from aboue, diſcouers the workes of darkeneſſe and malefactors: They ſo become fearefull, and therefore odious to euill doers. For all power is of God, *Non eſt poteſtas niſi a deo, Rom. 13.* And it was Chriſts anſwer vnto Pilate: *Non haberes poteſtatem aduerſum me vllam niſi datum eſſet tibi deſuper, Ioh. 19.* And we are to obey Princes (being fingers of that great hand that gouernes the world) not for feare, but for conſcience ſake, *Rom. 14.* For as the great ones of this age, that ſeeke fame by erecting famous cities, doe commonlye in ſome notorious place thereof, place their owne pictures to be viewed of their ſucceſſion: So God, after he had framed this great cittie of the world, he made man, placed him in the face thereof, faſhioned him after the portrature, of his owne ſubſtance,

Exemplumque dei quiſque eſt in
Imagine paruæ.

And when he ſawe the multitude of men to growe turbulent: *Et veram bellum multorum capitum*: He thought it neceſſarie, *In hac tanta audacia ſcelerum, aliquem eſſe oportere aduerſus quem nemo ſibi ſatis potens videretur:* and ſo made difference of his people, making ſome as fit to rule, as others to obey, ordeyning gouernement, by placing rulers ouer them; *Per me Reges regnant & legum conditores decernunt iuſta, per*

me

me principes imperant, & potentes exercent Iusticiam, Prou.8.

For albeit we beare all one stampe, and are all cast of one mettall, yet while Gods counte is in casting, some stand for millions, some for thousands, some for pounds, some for pence, and all are to bee reputed, according to the dignitie of their places: so that Princes that stand for great summes, must be respected with great reuerence: they be as the Schoolmen call them, *Instrumenta dei principaliter agentis*, And in this sence called by the Apostle *Sunergoy see coperatores Dei. 1. Corint b. 3.* They are the Gods of the earth, their hearts in Gods hands, if inclined to good: dispensers of his mercies, if giuen to cruelty, executioners of his Iudgements, by which foote you may gesse what a body of sinne H. treason is.

Of

CHAP. XVII.

Of wilfull Murder.

AS I intreated formerlie of High Treason, which was the sinne of *Adã*, who thought by eating of an Apple to haue equalled himselfe with God: So now I will write of murther, which was the sinne of *Caine*, who killed his brother *Abel*, which as it is the next in place, so it is the neereſt in degree to the former.

For if we reſpect the Maieſtie of God himſelfe, what can be more odious vnto him, then to ſee his owne image defaced in his owne preſence, or what what can be more contemptuous, then to deſtroy one in his view, that is ſo deere vnto him, as he hath numbered the haires of his head, and ſuffers not a Sparrow to fall on the ground before him without his prouidence; *Non ſinet neglecte perire quod eſt, qui quod non fuit creauit vt eſſet* θιος επι παντας *omnia vallet deus tetus oculus eſt: Sic te gere tanquam illo inſpiciente.*

If wee regard the commaundement of ſo great a commaunder, how can wee be breake it more, then when he hath ordeined that generations ſhould ſucceed by propagation, for man to interrupt his courſe, by taking away the meanes. If we looke to the obedience

dience due to our Prince, who as he is Gods deputie on earth, is to be respected accordinglie, when his honour consists in the multitude of obedient hearts, what greater dishonour then to diminish the number.

If we leaue the light of Religion, and take a view with our naturall eyes, what stirres her more to wrath then the sight of blood: what workes her confusion more readily then discord, *Parum progrediuntur in bona via qui in obuios quosque arietant.*

If we suruey the sinne it selfe, it carries this note with it, that it is neuer kept secret, for Anger the Harbinger of reuenge, cannot change his liuerie, but eyther shewes himselfe by being pale, for feare hee should not reuenge, or else by being redde, as inflamed with desire of reuenge, *Condemnat se nullo accusante, Prodit se arguente nullo.*

Heu, quam difficile est Crimen non prodere vultu.

A sinne that hath alwayes punishment attendent on her, *Cui crimen in pectore ei Nemesis a tergo, sequitur homicidas vltor a tergo deus*, and no maruaile, for the verie blood that issues out of the wounds of the murdered, calles to heauen for vengeance, and the very soule, that by that meanes, is set at libertie, ceaseth not to crie, and sound, in the eares of our God, how long wilt thou O Lord deferre thy iudgement, and staye reuenge against them that murdered vs: The same spirit that testifieth this; the same spirit sawe it, and saieth, *Vidi spiritus interfectorum clamantes ad dominum, vsque quo domine non das iudicium & vindicas sanguinem nostrum de interfectoribus nostris.*

This

This brought in that *Lex tallionis animam pro anima, oculum pro oculo*; and that olde lawe, *homicida quod fecit idem expectat*, both which are warranted by that of *Peter*, *Qui gladio ferit, gladio peribit.*

Now in diuinitie as there is *Homicidium manuale*, of which I haue ſpoken: ſo is there alſo *Homicidium linguæ*, and that is committed either by bearing falſe witneſſe, in tryall of cauſes, or by detracting and taking away ones good name, and in this ſence, the detractors tounges, are called by the Fathers, *Dentes, a demendo, quia corrodunt hominum æſtimationem, quis poteſt maligni dentes vicare. Auguſt. ſoli.*

A Magiſtrate though he bee Gods deputie heare on earth, yet is hee no (*Cardignoſtes*) to ſearch the corners of the heart, he muſt iudge *ſecundum allegata, & probata*: as things appeare vpon him, ſo muſt hee deeme them: The meanes hee hath to ſearche the truthe, is by oath, which is *Vinculum animæ*, a courſe warranted by *Abrahams* example. *24. Gen.* and out of the worde it ſelfe, which is *Hiphill* in Hebrew, in Greeke *Orcos*: ſo that not onely the bodie, but *anima* alſo *eſt poteſtatibus ſubiecta, Rom. 13.* for, *vt corpus traditur carceri: ne quo aufugeat, ſic anima traditur iureiurando ne quo ſubter-fugeat*. Now if the *deponent* will ſweare amiſſe, hee calles God to witneſſe, a faſehood hee deceaues the Iudge (who is Gods deputie) and murthers the cauſe of the poore plaintiffe, lamenting his cauſe ſo murthered by falſe witneſſe, and then hauing the

rule

rule of nature before his face, *Quod tibi fieri nolis, alteri ne feceris*, it will manifeſt vnto him what an execrable thing it is, to ſpill either the blood, fame or fortune, of the innocent, in which three conſiſts the whole diſcourſe of wilfull murther.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the office of a Iudge.

THe firſt thing that is required in a Iudge, is knowledge: *Graue iudicium, quod iudicium non habet.* The conſcience of a Iudge is *Concludens ſcientia*: and except it haue vnderſtanding to conceaue of the premiſes, it can neuer haue knowledge how to inferre the concluſion: and ſo, *ignorantia Iudicis, is calamitas innocentis*. The place of a Iudge, is a place of great charge: *Non enim hominis exercetis iudicium ſed Domini. Deu. 16.* Therefore it behooues them to be reſpectiue, for *Quodcunque iudicaueritis in vos redundabit, Deutr. 19.* And God, euen that great God, that is both terrible, and iuſt, as he hath laide this great charge vpon them, ſo hath he giuen vnto them directions, which obſerued, performes his will aright. Firſt they muſt be circumſpect, and not raſhe in cenſure, *videte quid facitis*, then they muſt not ſpeake before they bee aſſiſted.

Sit timor domini vobiſcum: What commaunds ſhee? *Quod iuſtum eſt iudicate*, Whats the meanes? *Audite eos cum patiencia*, and how? *cum diligentia*: Negligent hearing makes bad vnderſtanding, and *auditus*: is *diſciplinæ ſenſus*: after what maner? heare with æqualitie; *ita paruum audietis vt magnum*. To what purpoſe? *Vt iuſtum proferatis ſententiam*. Why? *Quia dei iudicium eſt*: And then whats your rewarde? *Et poſſidebitis terram quam dederit Deus, Deut. 16. & 19.*

To this purpoſe let him put of his affections with his gowne, and put on integritie, with his iudges robes, leaſt he condemne himſelfe in his owne doings, and be a burden to the ground that beares him.

He muſt not be like to the vniuſt Iudge, who in the pride of his glorie, glories to bee ſeene in his coache, drawne with two horſes, Ambition, and Couetouſneſſe: ſupported with foure wheeles, Popularitie, Feare, Loue, and hatred: Attended with fauour; *Cognatus*, and *argentum*: viewing himſelfe and others, *Num forte quiſpiam tam ſpecioſum ſpectaculum admiretur.*

But contrariwiſe in the humbleneſſe of his heart, let him pace the ground, and know it is his Tombe, impathing himſelfe in the pathe of giuing to euery one their right, attended with *Vidua, pupillus, paupertas, Innocentia, Diſpectus*: Aſſuring himſelfe that he is the true Vine, *Cuius virtus vitis, Cuius actio palmes, cuius vitum teſtimonium Conſciencia bonæ, Cuius lingua torcular, expreſſionis, ſic vt lachrimæ contribulatorum vnam recte indicantium.*

Philo-

Philosophus. Iusticia.

P. *Quæ dea?* I. *Iusticia.* P. *Cur toruo lumine spectas?*
I. *Nescia sum flecti: nec mouetur lachrimis.*
P. *Vnde genus?* I. *Cœlo.* P. *Qui te genuere parentes?*
I. *Mi modus est genitor, clara fides genitrix?*
P. *Aurium aperta cur altera, et altera clausa est?*
I. *Vna patet iustis: altera clausa malis.*
P. *Cur gladium tua dextra geris, cur læua bilancem?*
I. *Ponderat hæc causas, percutit ille reos.*
P. *Cur sola incedis?* I. *Quia copia rara bonorum?*
P. *Paupere cur cultu.* I. *Semper iustissimus esse*
Qui cupit immensas nemo parabit opes.

Wherefore as the Iudges iudge truelie, as out of our owne experience they doe daily: so let our Lawyers leaue to informe falselie, as we in integritie of conscience lament it hourelie, *Qui deserti aduersus iusticiam sapientis vt faciant mala. Elequentes vt veritatem impugnant*; That haue tould lyes so often, that at length they beleeue it true themselues, vrging confidently, extolling falsehood, and deposing trueth, least it befall vnto them as *Cesarius* reports of a Lawyer, who falling sicke, it was found he had no toung in his head; of which the Phisitians could giue no other reason, but that he had sould it in his health.

CHAP. XIX.

Euening Meditation.

Odes in imitation of the seuen pœnitentiall Psalmes, in seuen seuerall kinde of verse.

Domine exaudi orationem meam.

Ouchsafe admit thy gracious eares
With milde regard for to attend
The prayers, that a plaining heart
with sorrowing sighs to thee doth send
And let thereto, O louing Lord,
Thy Iustice and thy trueth accord.

In rigour of thy righteous doome,
O do not scan thy seruants cause:
For there is none on earth aliue,
Through faultlesse life freed from thy lawes,
Then how may I in sinfull plight,
Seeme iust in thy all-seeing sight.

The friend of sinne, the foe of soules,
Downe to the earth my soule hath brought,
Which to the heauen should aspire,
Since from the heauen it was wrought:

O raiſe it vp agayne to bliſſe,
From earth and all that earthly is.

Amids the darke miſſe-led am I,
Where lacke of light ſinnes view denies:
I liue a life more like to death,
While dead from grace my body lies,
And where as care through ſecret ſmart
Sends anguiſh to afflict my hart.

But I (O Lord) recall to minde
What thou haſt done in time before,
And how thy Iuſtice hath beene great,
But how thy mercie hath beene more.
Thus hope of helpe ſtill comfort giues,
While Mercie ſtill with Iuſtice liues.

My ſtretched hands to thee diſplay
The enſignes of my yeelding hart:
My ſoule, as earth that water wants,
Of vertues fruit can beare no part.
I faint, ſend ſome relieſe of raine.
Leſt els vnfruitfull I remaine.

Thy face of pitty, not of wrath,
Turne not, O louing Lord, from mee:
And let not, Lord, my owne miſdeedes
Haue laſting force to anger thee:

For ſo might I compare my caſe
To theirs that furtheſt fall from grace.

But ſince my hope is firme in thee,
Let me betimes thy mercie haue,
The way of health make knowne to me,
My feete from erring paths to ſaue.
Onely to thee my ſoule retires:
Onely thy mercy it deſires.

O free me from my ſinfull foes,
To thee I flie to be ſecure,
Teach me the leſſon of thy will,
And let me put it well in vre.
Thou art my God, and God of all
That for thy aide and comfort call.

Thou wilt vouchſafe to me, O Lord,
Thy Holy Spirit to be my guide,
My faith and hope in thee is ſuch,
And ſuch it euer ſhall abide.
Reuiue thou wilt me for thy name:
Goodneſſe in thee requires the ſame.

So that at laſt by thee, O God,
My ſoule from bale to blis be brought;
And that in mercie thou ſubuert
All thoſe my ſoules deſtruction ſought:

And

And force of foes destroyd may be,
And I made safe for seruing thee.

All glory be to thee, O God
The father of eternall might,
And to the sonne and Holy Ghost,
Three in an vndiuided plight,
As now it is, and was of yore,
And shall endure for euermore.

De profundis clamaui te Domine.

EVen from the depth of woes,
Wherein my soule remaines,
To thee in supreme blisse,
O Lord, that highest raignes,
I do both call and crie.

It's deepe heart sorrowes force,
That moues me thus to waile:
It's pity Lord in thee,
Must make it to auaile.
Thine eares therefore apply.

If strictly thou, O Lord,
Obserued hast my sinne,
Alas, what shall I do?
What case then am I in.
If rigor thou extend?

But well, O Lord, I know
Sweete Mercy dwels with thee:
And with thy Iuſtice then
It muſt expected be:
And I therefore attend.

My ſoule doth waite on thee,
Thy grace confirmes my truſt,
My warrant is thy word,
Thou keepeſt promiſe iuſt:
Keepe me, O Lord, ſecure.

Let thy afflicted flock
Comfort in thee retaine,
From dawning day to night,
From night to day againe
Let ſtill their hope endure.

There is with our good God
Much mercy ſtill in ſtore:
Redemption doth remaine
With him for euermore.
Abundant is his grace.

His people he afflicts
He will not leaue diſtreſt,
The thralled he will free
With eaſe of their vnreſt,
And all their faults deface.

All glory be therefore,
O Father, vnto thee,
And ſo vnto the Sonne
The like great glory be,
And to the Holy Ghoſt,

Such as it woonted was
Before the world beganne,
Such as now yet it is,
And euer ſhall remaine,
aboue all glory moſt.

Domine exaudi orationem meam.

O Let, O Lord, thine eares enclined be
To heare the prayers that I make to thee:
And my hearts griefe that breaketh forth mercies.
O let it haue the power to pierce the skies.

Turne not from me thy fauourable face,
What day or houre I am in heauy caſe:
But when I call to thee in my diſtreſſe,
O heare me, Lord, and ſend me ſoone redreſſe.

My dayes and yeares, alas with little gaine,
Like vnto ſmoke, how are they paſt in vaine?
My forces, Lord, how are they parch'd and drie:
Deuotions lacke yeelds moiſture no ſupply.

The blasted grasse my image now can show,
My withered heart confirmes that it is so,
And I forgotten haue, vnto my griefe.
To eate the bread of my soules best reliefe.

And my too much regard of earthly care,
Before my selfe for grace I could prepare,
Made reason to abandon reason quite,
And to affliction fast it selfe vnite.

But now, O Lord, since that I now beginne,
To see my selfe, and know the shame of sinne;
From earthly traine I will retire my minde,
Thee will I seeke my sauing health to finde.

In desert like as liues the Pelicane,
Or as the Crowe that doth day light refraine,
Or chirping Sparrow sitting all alone,
I shrowd, I watch, retir'd I make my mone.

But while, O Lord, I doe endure this life,
Expecting peace, by fleeing worldly strieſe,
Old friends I finde become new noisome foes,
O loue me Lord, for losse of loue of those.

My penance not restraind through scorne of these,
My foode I take with ashes and with teares,
The more I feare lest thou on me shouldst frowne.
That canst me raise, and raising cast me downe.

My

My dayes decline as doth a ſhadow paſſe,
And I as haie that whilome was as graſſe:
But thou from age to age ſhalt euer be,
Then euermore, O Lord, forget not me.

Vouchſafe, O Lord in puiſſance to ariſe,
To raiſe thy Sion that depreſſed lies:
Now is the time, the time doth now expire,
It mercy wants, and mercie doth deſire.

This glorious worke was firſt begun by thee:
Thy ſeruants erſt were glad the ſtones to ſee:
And they will grieue with hearts afflicted care,
If ſo the ruines thou doſt not repaire.

But when, O Lord, thy workes ſhall ſhew thy fame,
The faithleſſe people then ſhall feare thy name,
And earthly kings ſhall bend their glory downe
At thy celeſtiall glory and renowne.

Becauſe thy Church, thy Sion, thou diddeſt build,
Where thou wouldeſt euer haue thy honor hild,
And haſt not vnregarded heard the plaint
Of faithfull folke, thrald in vntruths reſtraint.

And that no time, remembrance may impaire
Of thy mainteined worke and mercy rare:
Let people now, for people to enſue,
Thy praiſe record, thy praiſes to renue.

For from high heauen to this low earthly place,
From bliſſe to bale our Lord enclines his face,
The groanes to heare, the grieued to releaſe,
To free from thrall, to make affliction ceaſe.

The more may Sion now ſound foorth his fame,
Ieruſalem his prayſes may proclaime,
Wherein his Church, his people do accord,
And where as kings are ſubiects to their Lord.

Who may, O Lord, the dateleſſe dayes relate,
That of all ages ouerpaſſe the date?
It's thou to vs haſt put appointed ſpace,
O ſtop not me ere halfe I runne my race.

Theſe elements by alteration ſtrange
Shall changed be, and ſo remaine in change:
But thou, O Lord, that workſt all at thy will,
Waſt earſt the ſame, the ſame remaining ſtill.

Vouchſafe, O Lord, their off-ſpring to preſerue,
That thee in feare, and faith, and loue do ſerue,
And in thy wayes directed to remaine,
A laſting life in laſting blis to gaine.

Vnto the father, Sonne and holy Ghoſt,
All praiſe and glory be aſcribed moſt,
As heere before the world begun,
And as it now, and euer ſhall be done.

Mi-

Miſerere mei Deus.

HAue mercy O good God on me
in greatneſſe of thy grace,
O let thy mercies manyfold
my many faults deface.

Foule, filthy, lothſome, vgly ſinne
hath ſo defiled me,
With ſtreames of pity waſh me cleane,
elſe cleane I cannot be.

Too well my foule vnclenſed crimes
Remembrance doe renew,
Too playne in anguiſh of my heart
they ſtand before my view.

To thee alone, O Lord, to thee
theſe euils I haue done,
And in thy preſence, woe is me,
that ere they were begun.

But ſince thou pardon promyſeſt
where hearts true ruth is ſhowne,
Shew now thy mercies vnto me,
to make my iuſtneſſe knowne.

That ſuch as doe infringe thy grace,
be made aſham'd, and ſhent,

As rise thy mercies to behold,
as sinners to repent.

With fauour view my foule defects:
in crimes I did beginne:
My nature bad, my mother fraile,
conceau'd I was in sinne.

But since thy selfe affectest truth,
and truth it selfe is thee,
I truely hope to haue thy grace
from sinne to set me free.

Since to the faithfull thou before
the secret science gaue,
Wherby to know what thou wouldst spend
the sinfull world to saue.

Whose heauenly Hyssope sacred drops,
shall me be sprinkle so,
That it my sinne-defiled soule
shall wash more white then snow.

O when my eares receiue the sound
of such my soules release,
How do sinne laden limmes reioyce,
at hearts true ioyes encrease.

From my misdeeds retire thy sight,
view not so foule a staine,

First wipe away my spots impure,
then turne thy face againe.

A cleane and vndefiled heart,
O God, create in me:
Let in me, Lord, of righteousnes
a spirit infused be.

From that most glorious face of thine
O cast me not away,
Thy holy Ghost, vouchsafe, O God,
With me that it may stay.

The ioy of thy saluation, Lord,
restore to me againe,
And with the sprite of graces cheefe,
confirme it to remaine.

That when at thy most gracious hand
my sutes receiued be,
The impious I may instruct
how they may turne to thee.

For when, O Lord, I am releast
from vengeance and from blood,
How ioyfull I shall speake of thee,
so gracious and so good.

Thou, Lord, wilt giue me leaue to speake,
And I thy praise will showe:

For ſo thy graces do require.
thou doeſt on me beſtow.

If thou ſin offrings hadſt deſired,
as wonted were to be,
How gladly thoſe for all my illes,
I would haue yeelded thee!

But thou accepts in ſacrifice
a ſorrowing ſoule for ſinne.
Deſpiſing not the heart contrite,
and humbled minde within.

Deale graciouſly, O louing Lord,
in thy free bounty will
With Sion thy deare ſpouſe on earth,
and fortyfie it ſtill.

That ſo thou mayeſt thence receiue
that ſouereigne ſacrifice,
From altar of all faithfull hearts,
deuoutly where it lyes.

To thee, O Father glory be,
and glory to the Sonne,
And glory to the holy Ghoſt
eternally be done.

Domine

Domine ne in furore.

AMiddes thy fury, my deare Lord,
rebuke not me,
Nor let thy chaſtiſement befall,
when wrathfull thou ſhalt be.

Thy arrowes in my ſelfe I feele
already ſtand.
I ſee, O Lord, thou fixed haſt
at me thy aiming hand.

Within my ſelfe (O woe is me)
no health I finde,
Through feare and terror of thy face,
that ſeemes to wrath enclinde.

My very bones diſturbed be,
gone is their peace,
My owne beholding of my ſinnes,
doth worke my woes encreaſe.

And as my ſinnes ſurmounting are,
I muſt confeſſe,
So are they mounted on my head,
and heauy me oppreſſe.

My crimes forepaſt and pardoned,
like ſtarres remaine,

That putrifi'd breake out a newe,
because I ſinne againe.

A woſull wretch am I become,
crooked I grow,
Each day I waile, and while I liue.
I will continue ſo.

My members by illuſions led
me ſore reſtraine,
My healthleſſe body is vnapt
true vertue to retaine.

By great affliction I am brought
exceeding low;
Be moued, Lord, through my loud groanes
thy mercies to beſtow.

My ſuites, O Lord, tend all to thee,
thou knoweſt my caſe;
My plaints and penance, Lord, accept,
that ſo I may haue grace.

Within my ſelfe my ſillie heart
is vexed ſtill,
My force is loſt, my ſight I lacke
to ſee and ſhun my ill.

In my diſpleaſing thee, O Lord,
right well I ſee,

My friends are foes, my life is sought,
And force is wrought on me.

They wish my ill, and speake my scorne,
and when they smile,
Their hate admits no time of stay
to studie fraud and guile.

But I, alas, with patience prest
must all forbeare,
Like to the dumbe, and seeming deafe,
I neither speake nor heare.

And for because, O gracious God,
I trust in thee,
Thou wilt, I know, my louing Lord,
giue eare and aide to me.

Let not, O Lord, my foes preuaile,
lest they reioyce,
Sith scarse my feete I may remoue,
but they aduance their voice.

Of my misdeeds I am prepar'd
to beare the smart:
Still is my sinne before my sight,
and sorrow in my hart.

I will reuolue my faults forepast
amids my minde.

And those I truely will confesse,
that I may mercie finde.

Hate hath confirm'd on me my foes,
in wrongfull wise,
And still they liue, and do increase,
whose enuie neuer dies.

They yeeld me ill that gaue them good,
and me defie,
Because I goodnesse would ensue,
from which they seeke to flie.

Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
in state distrest;
Be readie, Lord, to my relieſe,
my life in thee doth rest.

To Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost
all glorie be,
From form. r endlesse date to dure
to all eternity.

Beati quorum remissiæ sunt.

O How much blest may they remaine,
That pardon for their guilt obtaine,
And whose great ill, and each offence,
Lies hid in contrite penitence

What happy ſtate may he be in,
To whom our Lord imputes no ſin,
Whoſe conſcience doth no guile retaine,
That can himſelfe beguile againe?

I did my ſinnes in ſilence holde,
In griefe whereof my bones grew olde:
Meane while my daies in plaints of paine,
Without redreſſe, I ſpent in vaine.

But when, O Lord, thy heauy hand
No day or night I could withſtand,
But that in anguiſh ouerworne,
My conſcence prickt as with a thorne.

Loe then, O Lord, I did beginne
To vtter all my ſecret ſinne,
No longer liſt I ought conceale,
But each in iuſtice to reueale.

Againſt my ſelfe, I ſaid, will I
My wrongs confeſſe, and faults defie:
To thee, O Lord, O Lord to thee,
That haſt from all abſolued me.

And ſince I thus thy mercies finde,
Let each of good and godly minde
Approch to thee in happy time,
To pray for pardon of his crime.

For ſuch as ſo do ſincke in ſin,
That ſtill they plunged lie therein,
Vnable are of thee to gaine
What contrite ſinners can obtaine.

O Lord, my refuge reſts in thee,
When troubles do enuiron me:
O free me then, my freedomes ioy,
From ſuch as ſeeke me to anney.

Great comforts, Lord, I do conceaue,
Thou me thy ſeruant wilt not leaue:
But wilt inſtruct and guide me right,
And keepe me euer in thy ſight.

O yee that careleſſe are of grace,
Beholde, and ſee your brutiſh caſe,
And be not as a horſe and mule,
That liue deuoid of reaſons rule.

And thou, O Lord, in mercies riſe,
Vouchſafe reſtraine their ſtraying liſe,
With bit and bridle make them ſtay,
That vnto thee will not obey.

Since that for thoſe of ſinfull trade
Full many ſcourges there be made
Well's him that doth in God repoſe,
Whoſe mercies may his ſoule encloſe.

Be therefore ioyfull in our Lord,
All that to righteouſneſſe accord;
Let each with gladneſſe beare his part,
That hath a pure and perfect hart.

All glory be, O Lord, to thee,
And to thy Sonne in like degree,
As alſo to the Holy Ghoſt
Perpetuall and enduring moſt.

Domine ne in furore.

WHen my miſdeeds, O God,
may thee to anger mooue,
Amids the rigour of thy rage,
vouchſafe me not reprooue.

Nor when for my offences
thy chaſtiſement muſt be,
In thy diſpleaſure, O deare Lord,
let it not light on me.

Thy mercies Lord I craue,
of ſtrength I am bereft;
O ſalue the ſoreneſſe, that my ſinne
vpon my bones hath left.

My much aggrieued ſoule,
my ſorrowes doth abound:

How long, O Lord, shall they endure,
or comfort be vnsounde?

O turne thy sefe to me,
and rid my soule of paine,
Euen for thy mercies which exceede,
and euer doe remaine.

O hasten thee, O Lord,
to saue and set me free:
Amongst the dead (to their auaile)
there's none can thinke on thee.

And in the depth of hell,
Where there is no redresse,
Who is it that will giue thee praise,
or vnto thee confesse?

My sighings for my sinnes,
haue past in painfull wise,
And I each night will wash my bed
with teares of wailing eies.

My sight is vext with feare
of furie in thy rage,
O that my sinnes must be my foes
to weare me out in age.

Away, away from me,
all yee that are vniust:

Let him my wofull ſonnd receaue,
in whom I put my truſt.

That I with ioy may ſay,
how to my ſuites accord,
Vouchſafed hath to condiſcend
my deare and louing Lord.

Let ſhame my foes befall,
and vexed let them be,
Their owne conuerſion, or their ſhame,
Lord, let them quickly ſee.

Glory, O God to thee,
and vnto Chriſt thy Sonne,
As alſo to the holy Ghoſt,
let endleſly be done.

CHAP. XX.

Memoratiues.

THe darts of luſt are the eyes; and therefore fixe not thy eye on that which thou mayeſt not deſire.

Opportunity kindleth the fire of concupiſcence.

In all temptations it is ſafer to flie, than to fight with Satan.

Shun

Shun occaſion of doing euill, and thou haſt halfe ouercome him.

Affections are the feet of the minde; and therfore ſet a watch ouer them, leſt they make hir miſcary.

Examine thy thoughts. If thou findeſt them to be good there is the ſpirit: Quench not the ſpirit. If bad; forbid them entrance: for once admitted, they ſtraightwayes fortifie, and are expelled with more difficultie, than not admitted.

Epicuriſme is the fewell of luſt; the more thou addeſt, the more ſhe is inflamed.

There is no moment of time ſpent, which thou art not countable for, and therfore, when thou heareſt the clocke ſtrike, thinke there is now another houre come where of thou art to yeelde a reckoning; and by endeuouring to ſpend one houre better than another, thou ſhalt come to ſome better perfection in Chriſtianitie.

He that conſidereth the ioyes of heauen that good men expect, or the dread of torments which the bad ſhall ſuffer, will hardly ſinne.

The end of a diſſolute life is a deſperate death. There was neuer preſident to the contrary, but in the theefe in the Goſpell: In one, leaſt any ſhould deſpaire: in one alone, leaſt any ſhould preſume.

Thinke from whence thou cameſt, and bluſh: where thou art, and ſigh: and tremble to remember whither thou ſhalt goe.

Deſperate thoughts are fit for ſuch as feare ſhame and not for ſuch as hope for credit.

Euill thoughts are the diuels harbingers: for he lodgeth

geth not, but where they prouide his entertainment.

The whole world is as an house of exchange, in which Fortune is the nurse that breeds alteration.

Mishap is the touchstone of friendship, and aduersity the triall of friends.

Indifferent equality is safest superiority.

Where proportion keepes not the doore, there confusion will quickly enter.

Where passions encrease, complaints multiply.

It is neither freedome to liue licentiously, nor liberty to liue without labour.

Labor in youth, giues strõg hope of rest in old age.

Carefulnesse & diligence are the keies of certeinty.

A malefactor hath feare for his bedfellow, care for his companion, and the sting of conscience for his torment.

In contention, aduised patience, and oppertunitie well taken, are the best weapons of aduentage.

Thanks waxe old when gifts are had in possession.

So giue, as that thou mayest alwayes be giuing, and neuer be said to haue done giuing.

Giue to the poore, but not beyond thy power.

If thou giuest a benefit, keepe it close; but if thou receiuest one, publish it: for that inuites another.

Let thy wit be thy friend, thy minde thy companion, thy tongue thy seruant.

Let vertue be thy life, valour thy loue, honour thy fame, and heauen thy felicity.

In differences rather choose to purchase by perswasion, than to enioy by violence.

He that leaues his wife a Goldefinch, may hap at his

his returne finde hir a wagtaile.

On the anuill of vpbraiding is forged the office of vnthankfulneſſe.

True nobility deſcending from anceſtry proues baſe, if preſent life continue not thy dignity.

The longer we delay to ſhew our vertue, the ſtrõger is the preſumptiõ that we are guilty of baſe begining.

Who may doe all that he will, will doe that which he ſhould not.

Let thy ſpeech be the ſhadow of thy deed.

He is not woorthy to finde the trueth, that deceitfully ſeekes hir.

Innocencie groweth in deſpight of oppreſſion.

Dominion is alwaies attended by enuy.

Fortune is alwayes a friend to a froward minde.

He neuer giues in vaine that giues in zeale.

Courteſie is the true character of a good minde.

Anger is the cradle of courage.

Looking eyes haue liking hearts.

Trueth is the centre of religion.

Dominion is ſafeſt, where obedience is beſt nouriſhed.

Let the eyes be ſentinels of the body.

By being ſilent, thou ſhalt both know other mens impefections and conceale thine owne.

Charity and humility purchaſe immortallty.

Age may gaze at beauties bloſſomes, but youth climbes the tree and enioyes the frut.

Death is the tribute all fleſh muſt pay.

He dies moſt willingly that liued moſt honeſtly.

Who liues to die, dies to liue.

Time

Time is the herald of Trueth: and Trueth the daughter of Time.

Who climbes by priuie sinne, shall fall with open shame.

Who swimmes in vice, will sinke in vanity.

The yoong man may die quickly, but the olde man cannot liue long.

The chiefe properties of wisedome are to be mindfull of things past, carefull of thinges present, prouident of things to come.

The longer God staieth, not finding amendment, the sorer he scourgeth when he comes to iudgement.

Who so passeth many yeeres, and purchaseth little profit, hath had a long being, and a short life.

Let thy apparel be cleanly without singularitie: thy speech such as may mainteine loue and win affectiō.

Vse such affabilitie and conuenient complements, as common ciuilitie and vsuall courtesie most requireth, without making thy selfe too cheape to thy friend, or him to deare to thee,

Bee not at any time idle. *Alexander's* souldiers should scale mole-hilles rather than rest vnoccupied: it is the woman that sitteth still, that imagineth mischiefe: it is the rolling stone that riseth cleane, and the running water that remaineth cleare.

Standing water is sooneſt frozen, & he that sitteth still is quickliest ouercome with sleepe.

Thoughts are the buddes of the minde; & words the blossomes of their desires; and deeds the fruits of their euent: and therefore hee that will not suffer ill thoughts to fructifie, must crop them in the bud.

There

There bee foure good mothers haue foure bad daughters: Truth hath Hatred; Prosperity hath pride; Security hath Perill; & Familiarity hath Contempt.

Hee that refuseth to take counsell good cheape, buyes repentance too deare.

Let thy loue hang on thy hearts bottome, nor on thy tongues brimme.

Mistruſt no man without cauſe, neither be credulous without proofe.

Suſpition may enter a falſe action, but it is proofe brings in the good plea.

VVhen we are moſt miſerable, then Gods grace is moſt fauourable.

Who thinks before he doe, thriues before he thinke.

A peruerſe man is like a ſea crab that alwaies ſwimmes againſt the ſtreame.

Wiſedome is that Oliue that ſpringeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

The end of trecherie is to haue no truſt.

He that makes a queſtiō where there is no doubt, muſt take an anſwer where there is no reaſon.

Where marriage rides on the ſaddle, repentance will be on the crupper.

Before thou ſleepe, apparell thy remembrance with that thou didſt waking.

It is leſſe paine to learne in youth, then to be ignorant in olde age.

Better not to be, then to be ſlaue to paſſion.

Innocency is the beſt good, & a guilty conſcience the worſt euill.

Humilitie

Humilitie raiſeth when fortune depreſſeth.

He receiues a benefit that beſtowes it woorthily:

Curteſie in maieſtie bindes affection in dutie.

Delay in puniſhment is no priuiledge of pardon.

The law of feare is melted by Chriſt in the mould of loue.

Euerie man is the workeman of his fortune, and faſhioneth hir according to his maners.

Happy is that miſhap whereby we paſſe to better perfection.

Pouertie that contenteth is beſt riches.

Death and misfortune come ſoone inough if ſlow inough.

So loue as thou maieſt hate.

So hate as thou maieſt loue, and both without challenge.

Opinion iudgeth that the beſt, that it leaſt inioieth.

Iudges opinions make ſuites immortall.

A good beliefe bringeth foorth a good life.

No greater comfort then to know much: no leſſe labour then to ſay little.

No greater miſery thē to fal into vnknowē miſery.

Proſperity breedeth ignorance, and aduerſitie bringeth foorth knowledge.

He cannot iudge of pleaſure, that neuer taſted paine.

Hee findes beſt helpe in aduerſitie, that ſeekes it in proſperitie.

The man is happieſt that liueth leaſt his owne, & moſt his neighbours.

A little ſtreame driues a light mill.

A ſmall ſumme paies a ſhort reckoning.

Giue

Giue a lazie clarke a leane fee.

In little medling lieth much reſt.

Where opportunitie opens the ſhop doore, the ware is beſt ſold.

A wanton eye lighteth where it leueleth.

Iealouſie is the herbinger of diſdaine.

He that will ſtirre affection in others, muſt ſhew paſſion in himſelfe.

Lingering is lothſome where neceſſity requireth haſt.

Careleſſe men are euer neereſt their owne harme.

After the vnlawfull getting of a couetous father, ſoone followeth the notous ſpending of a prodigall ſonne.

The vertue of a Prince is the chiefeſt authoritie of his magiſtrate.

A milde anſwer reconciles diſpleaſure.

A wanton eie is the meſſenger of an vnchaſt heart.

There is nothing ſwifter decreaſing, then youth while it is increaſing.

The ſoule is the greateſt thing in the leaſt continēt.

Let the limits of thy power, be the boūds of thy wil.

A faire woman is a paradiſe to the eye, a purgatorie to the purſe, and a hell to the ſoule.

The death of an euill man is the ſafetie of a good man.

What harme the heart doth thinke, and hand effect, that will the worme of conſcience betray.

FINIS.

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